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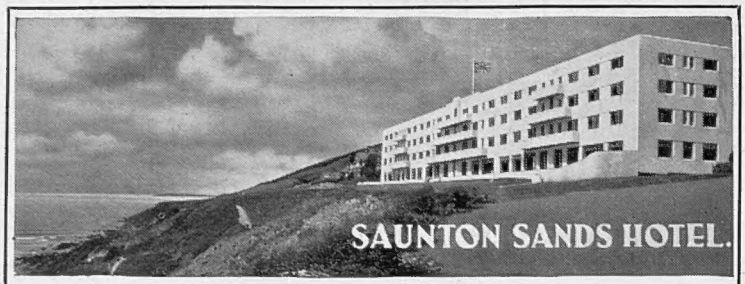

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The Bystander, March 24, 1937 No. 1736. Vol. CXXXIII.

The Bystander

Anthony

Lady Elizabeth Paget—Coronation Train-bearer

Lady Elizabeth Paget has been invited to be one of Queen Elizabeth's six train-bearers at the Coronation, and so has her cousin, Lady Ursula Manners. They are both twenty this year, and both extremely good-looking girls—dark, with lovely eyes. Lady Elizabeth Paget's father, the Marquess of Anglesey, has been Lord Chamberlain to Queen Mary's Household for nearly fifteen years. She is the second of the Angleseys' five daughters; her elder sister, Lady Caroline Paget is on the stage, and a younger sister, Lady Rose Paget, is a debutante this year, and is studying ballet dancing at the Vic-Wells school

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

HITLER'S reply to the suggested Western Pact proposals has now been published, and they do not help very much. For example, it is suggested that France should retain her alliance with Czecho-Slovakia and her pact with Russia, but that she should not go to the assistance of either of them unless Britain and Italy decide that aggression against them has taken place. As Italy succeeded in advancing from Somaliland and Eritrea with a huge army some hundreds of miles into the territory of an independent state without admitting for one moment that she had committed an act of aggression, one cannot blame the French for their open derision of the German suggestion.

THE situation in Spain has taken a turn which may have vitally important results for the whole international situation. For the first time complete Italian divisions took part in the encircling movement round the north of Madrid, and on being attacked by Government aeroplanes, the Italian infantry broke and fled in disorder. At least, that is the report from various sources. It may be untrue, or the Italians may have executed a "tactical withdrawal." But if it is true, it alters the whole military perspective on the Continent. Everyone agrees that Signor Mussolini has created a tremendous war-machine, but everyone does not agree that he has inspired the machine with a new Italian spirit. If he has not, he may find it desirable not to rattle the sabre quite so much in future.

IN the course of a political life of almost fifty years, Sir Austen Chamberlain gained, and deserved, a name for inflexible and incorruptible mental integrity. Political friends and political opponents recognised it and admired it. Sir Austen never shrank from saying what he thought to be right, and never hesitated to admit a mistake if he thought he had made one. A very notable example of this unshakeable honesty is described by the political correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. After the Irish Treaty was signed in 1922, there was a huge and wildly indignant meeting of the Conservative Party in Liverpool to condemn the Treaty as "shaking hands with murder." The *Manchester Guardian* goes on: "Sir Austen Chamberlain and the late Sir Archibald Salvidge were the two people who together saved the Coalition and the Irish Treaty in that battle. Sir Austen went to an overnight meeting of the delegates in the Sun Hall, and told his great audience that he regarded his opposition to the granting of self-government to South Africa as the greatest error of his political life. He was not, he said, going to repeat that error over Ireland. The effect of the confession was tremendous, and the conference resolution repudiating the treaty was withdrawn the next day."

Anglo-Swedish Entente: Hr. Sandler's Visit

Hr. Rickard Johannes Sandler, the Swedish Foreign Minister, was a guest of H.M. Government last week, on an official visit which was to cement the cordial relations between two of the strongest upholders of European democracy. He was accompanied by Fru Sandler and his Chief of Cabinet and met at Croydon by Mr. Eden, who had conveyed the invitation to him at Geneva in January. Hr. Sandler is one of the most interesting and able of European statesmen; started life as a schoolmaster, has been Sweden's Premier and Minister of Commerce, was the first Socialist President of the League, and is a keen musician

THE Air Estimates are out, and they are on the same lines as the Navy Estimates of last week. That is to say, everything is bigger and faster and stronger and more numerous than ever before in peace-time. The difference between them is that the Admiralty is building on top of an ancient foundation, whereas the Air Ministry is practically making a new national machine which is infinitely more difficult. The one important point which came out of Sir Philip Sassoon's speech in the House of Commons was the shortage of skilled labour, not only for making engines and guns, but even for building hangars and barracks on the new aerodromes. It looks as if the country was going to suffer severely during the next year or two from the almost complete absence of technical education for young people after they leave school. Incidentally, the mystery of the balloon barrage has not yet been solved, and the Government's flat refusal to say whether the barrage is to cover a height of 10,000 feet or of 30,000 is naturally leading to rumours that the figure is 10,000. If the barrage was to reach 30,000 feet, as in the case of Paris, surely the Government would say so and claim some credit for it.

THE life of the soldier in the Regular Army is going to become so nice and pleasant that Mulvaney and his friends would not know it. Mr. Duff Cooper hopes to attract more recruits by giving them butter instead of margarine, by fitting them out with a spruce blue walking-out suit, by giving them an extra meal a day, by arranging for sitting-rooms and libraries in barracks, and, above all, by not stopping their pay to provide uniform and equipment. This is the War Office's reply to the Admiralty's soda-fountains and ice-cream machines of last week.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS is a brilliant lawyer and a first-class Parliamentarian, but he seems to have an amazing aptitude for saying the wrong thing, or, alternatively, of saying the right thing in such a way that it sounds wrong. In his latest speech at Winchester he is reported to have advised the workers not to make munitions for the rearmament scheme. The official Labour Party takes quite a different view. They are not actively opposing the creation of the new Navy and Air Force, but they are demanding that the workers should get a rise in wages if the manufacturers and the speculators are allowed to get away with undue profits. This is a perfectly

(Concluded on page 464)

Baron

M. Ivan Maisky, Soviet Ambassador

M. Maisky has been in London nearly five years as Russian Ambassador; he succeeded Sokolnikoff in 1932. But he knew London well long before that. In pre-war Tsarist days he was Press Attaché here, and then came back as Counsellor to the first Soviet Diplomatic Mission after the Revolution. His career since then has been rapid but not unreasonable; in 1922 he was head of the Press department of the Soviet Foreign Office; this was followed by an appointment to Tokyo as Counsellor, and then he became Minister to Finland before he was sent to London. His recent speech at the National Congress of Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R. caused the first sensation for which this "shrewd, witty and discreet" man has been responsible; he denounced the German-Japanese pact as a "military alliance against the U.S.S.R.", uttered the sternest of warnings on the danger of attacking his country; and spoke strongly in favour of the League and collective security

The Passing Hour (*Cont. from p. 462*)

reasonable argument. If extra money is to be made, it should be made by all, and if sacrifices are to be made they also should be made by all. The sensational advance, for example, in the price of tin from £220 a ton to £313 means that someone is pocketing the difference. Why, then, ask the Labour leaders, should there not be something for the workers' pocket also? This is a very different line from Sir Stafford's.

MR. BALDWIN and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have both in the past had the power to create life peerages, and both refused to do so. It may be that now they are regretting their refusal. It is known that Mr. Baldwin wishes to retain the position of Elder Statesman after he retires from the House of Commons and from the Premiership in May or June. His presence in the Lords would be a great help to the Conservatives, but his Socialist son and heir may not be so anxious for the elevation of his father. Certainly Mr. Malcolm MacDonald does not want his political career in the Commons to be endangered by the menace of aristocracy. He has the warning of Commander Kenworthy's fate and of the imminence of Mr. Runciman's, to make him shrink from a paternal ennoblement.

SIR JOHN REITH had one of his periodical adventures in the House of Commons the other day, when the Conservative "1922 Committee" heckled him about alleged "left-wing" tendencies in the presentation of news and even in the inflections of the voices of certain announcers. Sir John, as usual, put up a stout defence, though there are, of course, people who see red propaganda, or black, or brown, in everything and are quite uninfluenced by reason or anything else. So long as Sir John is attacked by one side on the ground of allowing left-wing propaganda, and by the other on the ground of making too many right-wing appointments to the staff, it is fairly safe to assume that he is doing his very difficult job impartially.

Tennis in America

Lord Aberdare and "Pete" Bostwick, the American G.R. and polo player, have been playing in the real tennis championships at the Racquet Club, Philadelphia. Lord Aberdare is one of the leading English experts at the ancient game, also a fine rackets player

THERE is going to be an astonishing medley of titles, offices, and dignities in official attendance at the Coronation. After the announcement that the late Emperor of the late Abyssinia will be represented, comes the martial procession of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, the Barons of the Corporate Limbs, and the Judge and Chaplain of the Cinque Ports' Admiralty Court. Another interesting personality will be Marshal Tuchashevsky, popularly known in proletarian circles as the Red Napoleon (although I fancy that he has reached that eminence without many battles).

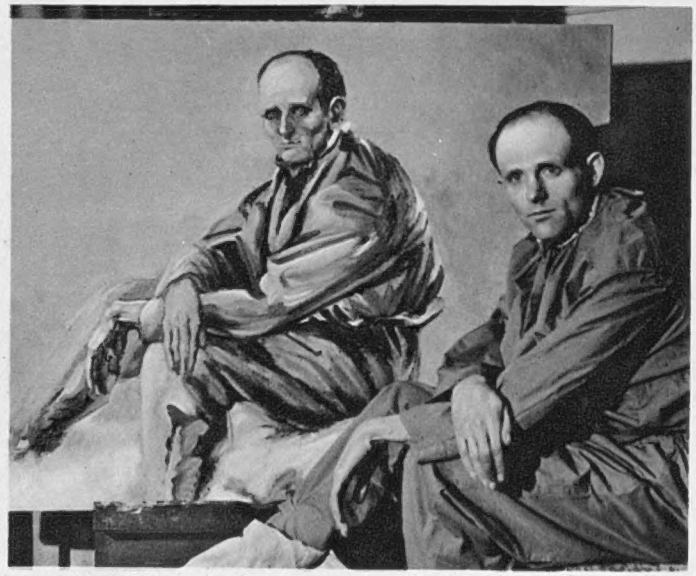
AN American illustrated monthly has performed the astonishing feat of publishing a long article about Horace Cole, the king of practical jokers, without mentioning the classic feat which is not repeated all over the world whenever officers of the Royal Navy are present. But perhaps it was simply tact on the part of the American journal. Or perhaps the officers of the U.S. battleship New York, which is to come over for the Coronation, made representations.

IT looks to me as if 1937 is going to be a year of farces in the theatrical world. *French Without Tears* is packed every night at the Criterion; *George and Margaret*, which is slick, quick, and pretty thin, moves its audiences to hysterics of laughter, and so does *Wise To-morrow*, which is of the same sort of calibre. It is often a little difficult to see why people should laugh at some of the lines in these last two plays, but it is even more difficult to deny that they do. In the meantime, everyone is anxiously wondering what effect the Coronation is going to have on the theatre and the box-office.

THE Board of Control of Cricket at Home (what a ghastly name!) has reappointed the same old selection committee: Mr. P. F. Warner, Mr. P. Perrin, and Mr. T. A. Higson, to choose the teams for the various big cricket-matches this year. One of the quaintest of all proverbs is the one about not swapping horses in the middle of a stream, because if you are stuck in the stream that is precisely the moment for a swap. But English cricket is not even in that position. It cannot get into the stream, let alone cross it. Having now been defeated successively by Australia (twice), South Africa, and the West Indies, we are loyally sticking to the same old horses.

Film Prize Winners

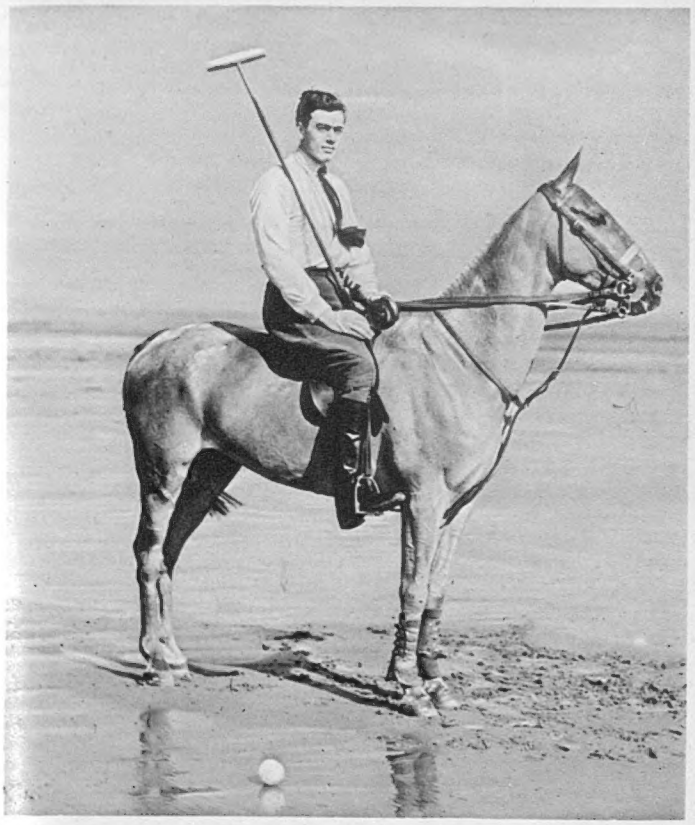
The Motion Picture Academy, whose annual awards are awaited with some interest by the film world, has decided this year in favour of Paul Muni, best actor (for his performance in "Louis Pasteur" and he still has his Pasteur beard), Luise Rainer, best actress (for her performance in "Ziegfeld"), and Frank Capra, best director (for "Mr. Deeds"); they are seen here with their gold statuettes



Antarctic Explorer

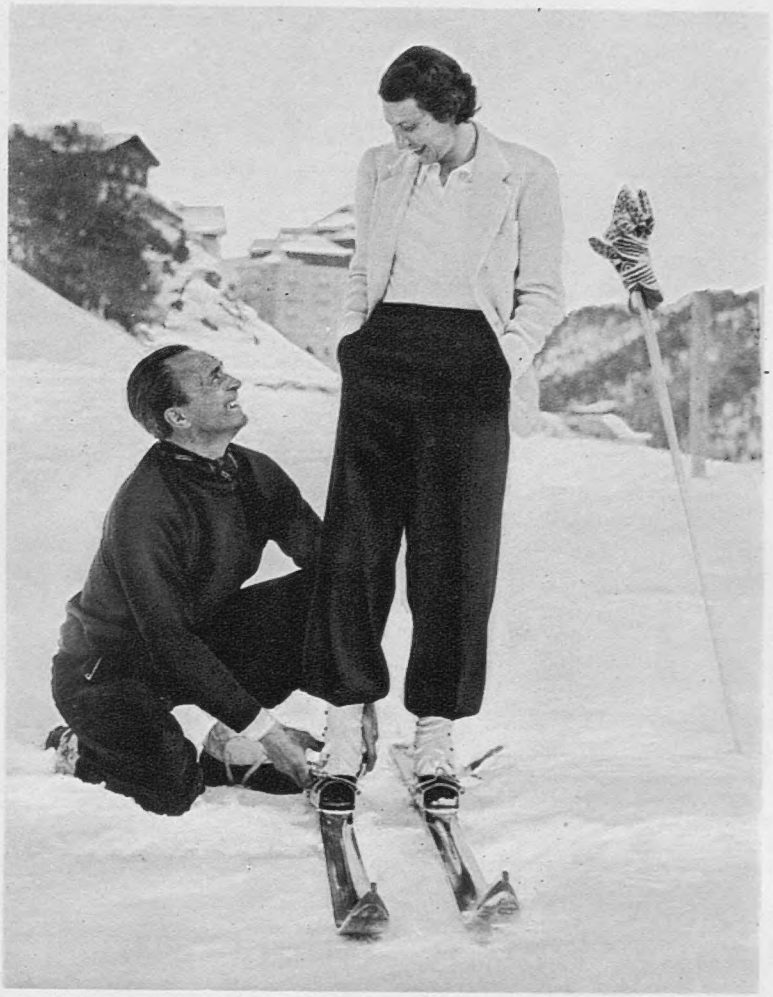
Commander E. W. Walker is leader of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1937, which leaves England in June for a two-year geological survey of the Antarctic. Over 1300 women, ranging in age from seventeen to seventy, applied for inclusion in the Expedition. Commander Walker was photographed with the portrait that Rudolph A. Haybrook has just painted of him

Out-door Pleasure



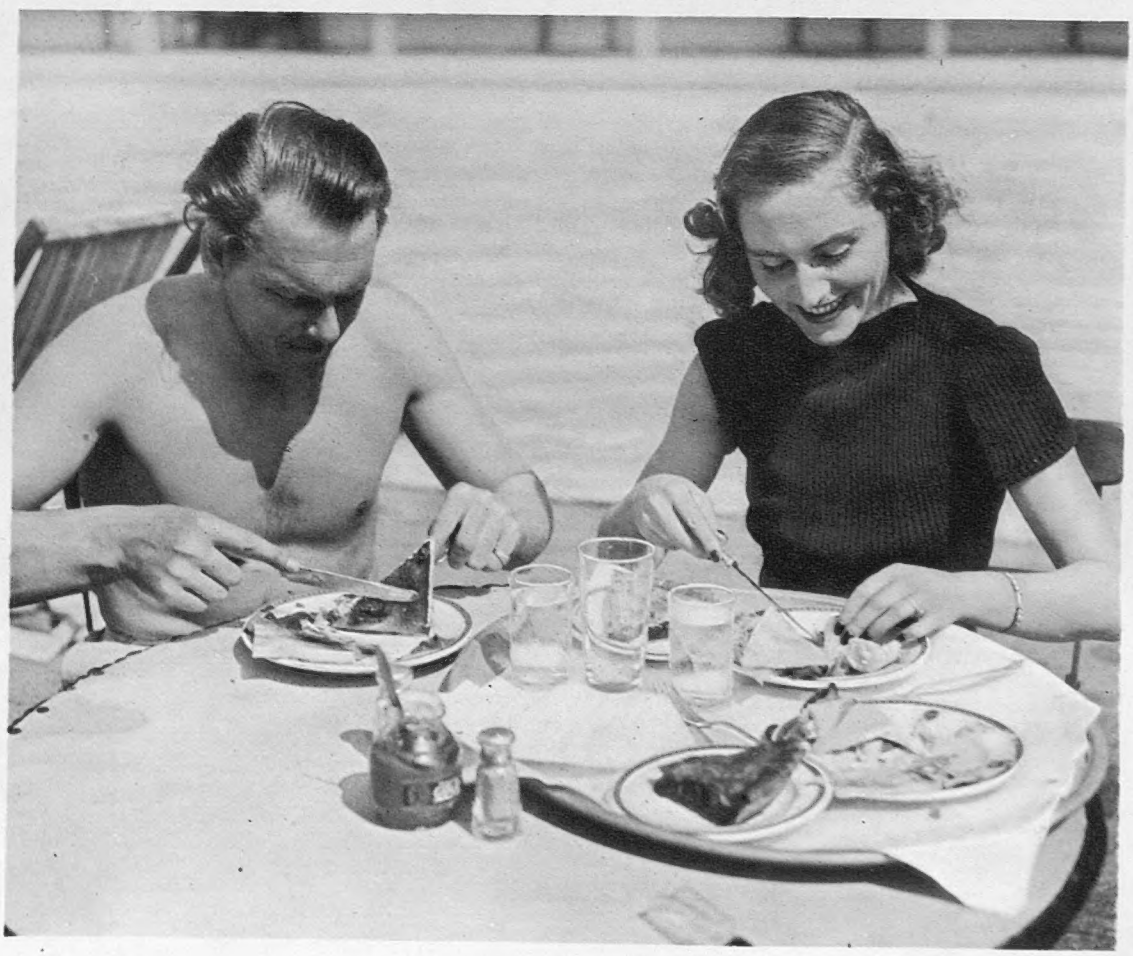
The Hon. Keith Rous

Keith Rous was out practising on the Minehead sands, getting ready for the Somerset polo season which opens at Easter on the famous Dunster lawns. He is Lord Stradbroke's second son, was in the Navy until 1933; his Clubs—the Turf Club, the R.Y.S., and Roehampton, Ranelagh and Hurlingham—give an accurate picture of his interests



Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Veidt

The Veidts have been on a ski-ing holiday in St. Moritz before he comes back to London to make a new film. His latest is "Dark Journey," a spy story, in which Vivien Leigh plays opposite him and which Victor Saville directed; it is being shown at the London Pavilion from to-morrow



Lord and Lady Plunket

This summery-looking picture of Lord and Lady Plunket comes from Nassau, in the Bahamas, where they have been for some weeks. They were having lunch on the sun-deck by the British Colonial swimming pool

Mr. Purbrick and Miss D. Kingsmill

John Stevens Purbrick and Daphne Kingsmill have announced their engagement; he is the second son of Mr. Reginald Purbrick, M.P., and Mrs. Dorothy Purbrick; she is the second daughter of Col. Andrew Kingsmill and Mrs. Redmond McGrath

Mr. Rumbold and Miss F. Bailey

Anthony Rumbold, the diplomat son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold, is engaged to Felicity Bailey, younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. F. G. and Lady Janet Bailey and a granddaughter of the first Earl of Inchcape

Mr. Harris and Miss Elizabeth Coates

Another recent engagement announced is between William Barclay Harris, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cecil Harris' only son, and Elizabeth Coates, Capt. Sir Clive and Lady Celia Coates' younger daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Harris live at Moatlands, East Grinstead

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

FOR the first time in her young life, the Queen Mary docked at Plymouth instead of Southampton, when she arrived last Monday, and her passengers were thus at home several hours earlier.

Lord Sefton, Mr. John de Forest (yes, we know he has a new name, but we have known him too long to use it yet!), General Critchley, Lady Stanley and Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills were all aboard, and evidently the big trek of lucky Londoners from Palm Beach and Nassau has begun.

Recovering Invalids

"THREE SMART GIRLS" is a lovely film. We went on the opening night, which was in aid of the Princess Margaret Club and Day Nursery, and were amazed at the achievement of the committee, who, with only thirteen days in which to organise this charity performance, sold tickets and collected donations to the tune of over £1760.

The Marchioness of Titchfield, Miss Violet Loraine and Lady Marshall made charming speeches from the stage, and Mrs. Braham as the organiser must be congratulated on her more than successful organising. Deanna Durbin, the fourteen-year-old star is electrifying.

Among the audience we were delighted to see that Mr. Charles Sweeny was well enough to be present. He has been desperately ill, and his recovery is almost a miracle.

He and his beautiful wife have been down at Brighton for some weeks.

Mrs. Stobart, who was sitting near them, told us that that beautiful daughter of hers, Avril Lloyd, has at last been able to leave the nursing home where she has been ever since a serious motor accident some months ago.

A Film Party

THE lure of a charity ball in aid of the Iver, Denham and Langley Cottage Hospital, got us down to the Pinewood Studios in the dead of one night last week.

It was only when we were exploring this amazing building with all its modern film equipment that we realised that it was the late Colonel Grant Morden's house, Heatherdon Hall, and that we ourselves had stayed there for a week-end once upon a time.

During a lull in the revels for charity, we went up to Captain Richard Norton's flat, where he lives and reigns as producer-in-chief of the Pinewood Company.

Tony Havelock Allen works down there, too, these days, and when we saw these familiar names on office doors we thought how convenient and restful it must be to live your life in the building where you work.

The brothers Dunfee were guests that night, and pretty Marguerite Allan, who is a cousin of Alanova's and, like the famous dancer, half Russian and half Scotch. Miss Allan looked enchanting in a picturesque dress of white ribbed silk, and a large scarlet poppy perched right on top of her head.

A Favourite Haunt

MAYFAIR clubs may come and go, close and re-open, but there is one landmark in the West End of London that retains its dignity and remains unperturbed by any local disturbance.

The Embassy, where we dined last Thursday, is always our favourite haunt to go on or go out to, and we like the habit they have of faithfully allotting favourite tables to regular patrons.

A Film Career?

COUNT HENRI HAUGWITZ REVENTLOW was entertaining a party that night. He

The Hinchingbrooke Christening

Lord and Lady Hinchingbrooke's second daughter was christened Elizabeth Anne at Lambeth Chapel. She is Lord Sandwich's granddaughter through her father, and had Mr. George Mercer Nairne, Mr. Ralph Jarvis, Mrs. Margesson, Lady Ridley and Lady Daphne Straight as godparents

Many Smart People at the Premiere of "Three Smart Girls"

Lady Anne and Lady Peggy Cavendish-Bentinck, Lord and Lady Titchfield's daughters, were two young socialites selling programmes at the Gaumont, Haymarket

The Duchess of Rutland, Lord Titchfield and Miss Evelyn Laye were photographed in the luxurious foyer of the Gaumont; the premiere was in aid of the Margaret Club and Nursery

is the elder brother of Barbara Hutton's husband, and has been in London a good deal of late. He is tall and clean shaven, and possesses much rugged charm of his own.

Mr. Michael Portman was taking the floor pretty strenuously as usual. It is said that the idea of a film career intrigues him, and that he wisely intends working in a repertory company first to gain a certain amount of experience.

His wife went out to St. Moritz some weeks ago, with her lovely sister, Miss Hilary Charles, and they have now gone on to Mentone.

Talking of taking the floor, all eyes were turned on one particularly graceful couple at the Shim-Sham the other evening. It was Tamara Desni and her husband, Bruce Seton, who had so much permit and passport trouble in getting married the other day.

All that sort of struggle to accomplish an ordinary everyday ceremony must add enormously to the romance and sentiment of the occasion when it happens. Miss Desni is a beautiful girl, and they both looked extremely happy.

A Sunday Night Party

MUCH as we appreciate the hospitality of our friends who live in the country, when we spend a week-end in London we ask ourselves why on earth we go scampering away on most Fridays or Saturdays.

Better still, to make no plans and as few engagements as possible adds to the enjoyment of week-ending at home. Last-minute entertainments turn up, and unexpected pleasures are always the best.

Lots of sleep, meals at odd hours, the company of one or two congenial friends, and every Sunday paper that is published, are the chief ingredients we would choose for the perfect week-end.

Last Sunday evening, after a quick dinner in Ciro's grillroom, we went to the Arts Theatre, where Argentinita, the Spanish dancer, gave a wonderful performance, and afterwards Mrs. Sieff gave a supper party at Brook House in her honour. Margaret Lady Birkenhead was among the guests, and we heard from her that Lady Eleanor Smith is in Stockholm with some circus. Vera Zorina, the pale, lovely star of *On Your Toes*, arrived with Anton Dolin and Mr. A. G. Blumenthall. Her black cloak with glittering sequin collar was immensely effective. The beautiful rooms in this Park Lane flat make a perfect setting for a party, and this was certainly one of the best imaginable.

The Right Spot Light

WE were taken by surprise last Friday when we were taken to *Balalaika* at His Majesty's. Surprise chiefly because, among a surfeit of good plays we have seen recently, no one happened to tell us a great deal about this enchanting musical play in a pre-war Russian setting.

It is an entertainment of sheer enjoyment from beginning to end, and we agreed with someone who, on leaving the theatre, said: "I could see it all through again right now!"

At Quaglino's at supper afterwards, we found more well-known faces than we expected, on the eve of a week-end.

Lady Warrender, for one. She wore a black dress with shoulder strap of white flowers, and her curly coiffure suits her divinely.

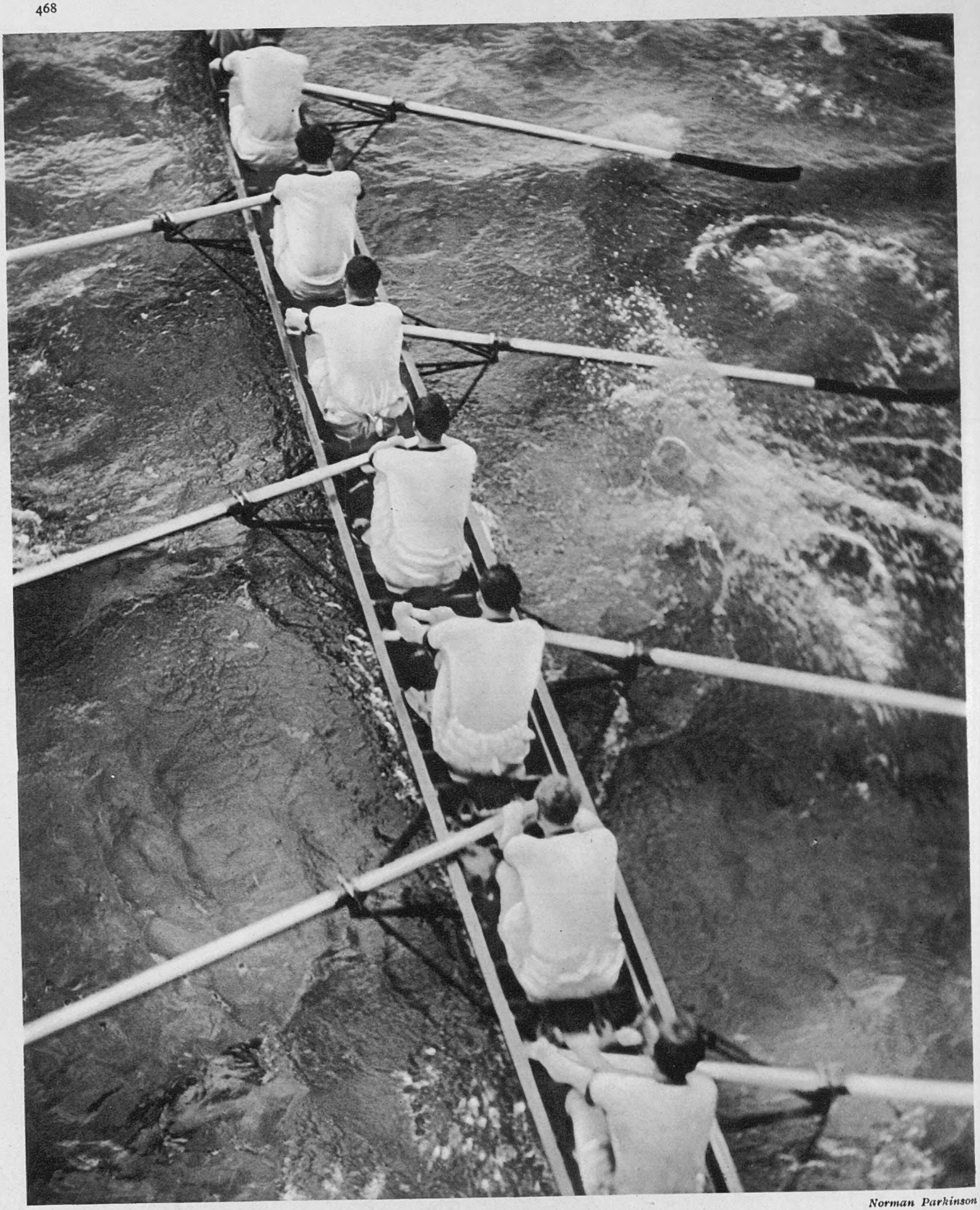
Lady Massereene and Ferrard in vivid scarlet chiffon was a late arrival, and the most attractive figure in the room was little Lady Oranmore and Browne, in a white and scarlet dress, short black net gloves, and a scarlet flower perched on each wrist.

While Messrs. Walsh and Barker were singing, the spot-light very luckily rested on her, and lit up the enchanting picture that she made, her soft fair hair tumbling around her face in a careless and unstudied manner that few girls' looks could survive.

Miss Mollie Bishop was there, too, and we liked the glittering sequin "dickie" that livened up her plain black dress.

MISS PEEPS

Right: Mr. James Hart Rutland and the Hon. Joan Milne were married at the Chapel Royal of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London. She is Field-Marshal Lord and Lady Milne's only daughter (her father is Constable of the Tower); James Rutland is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hart Rutland



Norman Parkinson

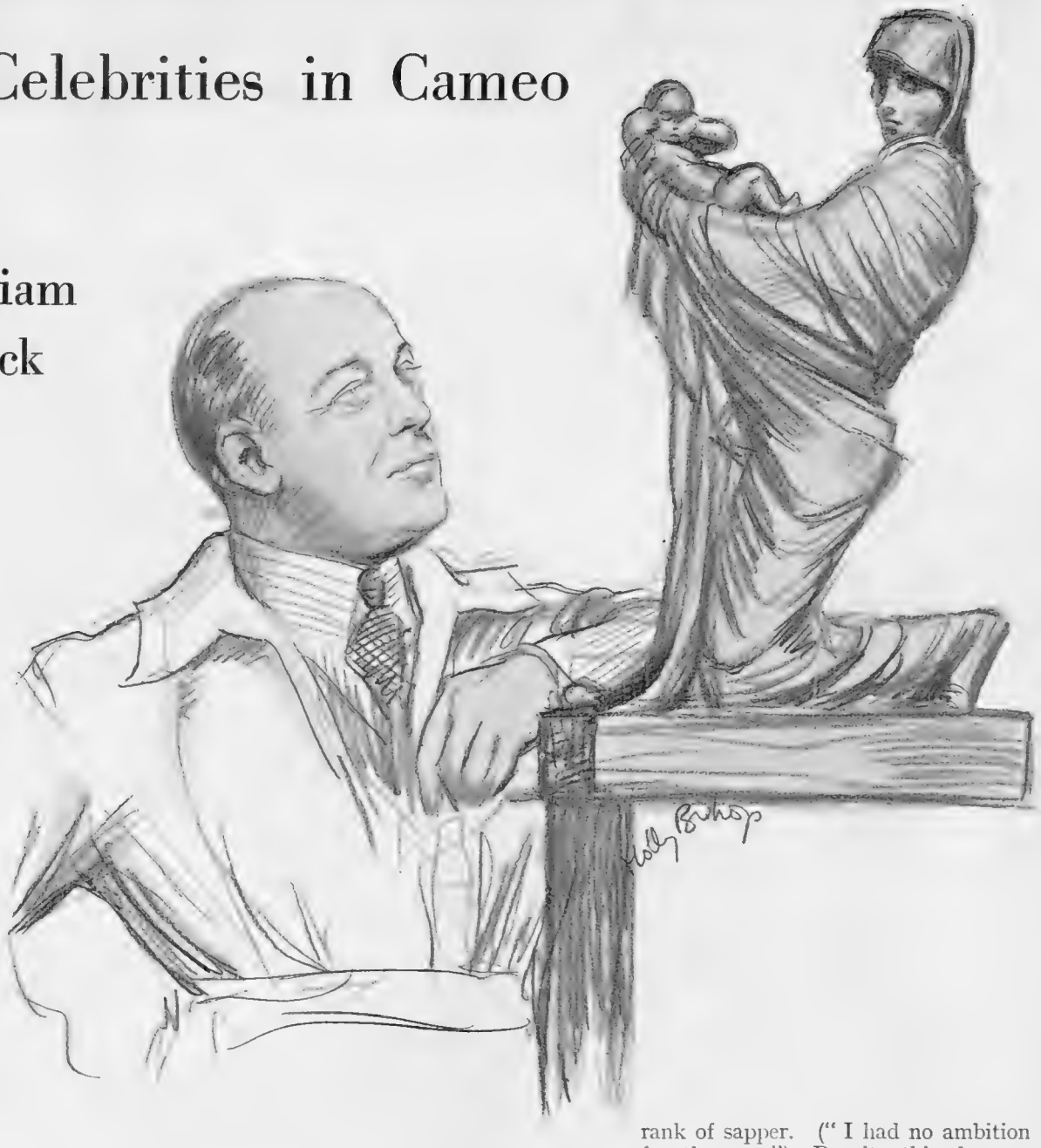
Can They Do It To-day?

A Hammersmith Bridge view of the Oxford boat ploughing through the very rough water they met the day they rowed the course. They gave another demonstration of what a fine bad-weather crew they are. Everyone expects the annual "procession" to turn into a race again to-day, with a good chance of Oxford taking revenge for the last ten years

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 12

Sir William Reid Dick



IT never occurred to Sir William Reid Dick until he was grown up that he might make a sculptor. To-day he stands honoured with the highest distinction that could befall him—the commission to do the statue of King George V. Born in Glasgow, the son of an engineer, William Reid Dick was apprenticed to McGillvray and Ferrig, the architects, and was soon carving stone all over the city. It was not until he was twenty-five that he went to the Glasgow School of Art, to do which he had to give up a salary of £5 or £6 a week. This disappointed his father a great deal. Besides, he did not think that sculpture was quite proper. But as he only died last year, he lived long enough to be glad that his son had not become an engineer like himself. During his year at the Art School he was taught by a Dutchman, Jan Keller, and won a prize of £10. He only got a fiver of it, though, for the canny Scots only agreed to hand over the remainder on his return from travelling, and he never went back—doing Paris and London on the five pounds. In London he stayed, living in St. John's Wood, and going every morning to the Kennington School of Art under William Frith. After a year, he took a studio and waited. Then came his first commission—a bust in bronze of Angus Anderson, the bearded model made famous by Skipper Sardines. The terms were £60 if exhibited in the Royal Academy, and £40 if not. It was.

A GRADUAL climb up the ladder ensued, with a statuette of Harry Lauder as one of the most important rungs. What 's more, Harry Lauder paid him what he asked. The greatest thrill came when he was made an A.R.A. in 1921. But he had thrills a-plenty during the war. For he served both in France and Palestine with the Royal Engineers, emerging with the rank of sapper. ("I had no ambition for the war.") Despite this, he was commissioned to do only two war memorials—those at Rickmansworth and Bushey. It was the Kitchener Chapel in St. Paul's which finally put him on top. One must also credit him with the Lion on the Menin Gate at Ypres; with the Catapult Boy, which has been reproduced more often than almost any modern figure, and with a bust of King George V., completed in 1933.

Sir William Reid Dick, in effect, is a short, sturdy Scot with a penchant for volunteer snooker; blue eyes and a full Glaswegian accent. He has a sense of humour, a wife, son and two daughters, and a preference for male sitters. He played golf until he was too busy. He regards Lord Halifax as having the most sculpturesque head he knows. He married two days after the war broke out, and he finds that Sunday afternoon is the best time in the whole week to work. And how he works. He needs, and takes, no other exercise than what his studio provides.

Charles Graves

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

"Bats in the Belfry" (Ambassadors)

ONE might describe this comedy as another *George and Margaret*, with the George and the Margaret left out, were it not for the fact that George and Margaret are themselves left out of *George and Margaret*. Like the hit at Wyndham's, it exists on airy persiflage. Also it is continuously—perhaps too continuously—bright. Also, it deals domestically with a houseful of offspring, apostrophised by their Aunt Miranda as "Oh, this family!" They, in turn, apostrophise her as "What a woman!", which is what every leading lady loves to hear said about her on the stage. Nothing is more grateful and comforting than to reach the point in your histrionic career when "What a woman!" is you. And so deftly does Lilian Braithwaite handle the part that, the play concluded, there remains little for the critic to add but "What a Braithwaite!"

THIS being, unlike *George and Margaret*, a definitely leading-lady comedy, it contains a slightly more liberal allowance of plot, for leading ladies must have something more to do than just chitter-chatter. And so, though the chitter-chattering of Aunt Miranda is her greatest attraction, pies must be concocted for the insertion of her nimble finger. One of the daughters (Vivien Leigh) is unhappily engaged to a stodge (Michael Shepley) who calls everything "wizard," and goes long walks before breakfast, making, like the elder son in *George and Margaret*, a religion of health. That in both plays this character should be held up to ridicule suggests a poor reception for the Government's much-advertised but not-much-evident Physical Fitness Campaign. Aunt Miranda, telling taradiddles nineteen to the dozen, effectively scotches this match. Simultaneously, she places artful obstacles in the way of the intended elopement of one of the sons (Henry Kendall) with a married woman (Lydia Sherwood), puncturing tyres with hatpins.

There is also the happiness of papa (Ivor Barnard), who is a rector, to be considered. Does he not covet the excellent living that has just fallen vacant in Birchester? Has he not invited to lunch the Master of Gamaliel College (Marcus Barron), in whose gift this living is? And since the Master of Gamaliel College was once in love with Aunt Miranda, and since he still remembers the hat she wore that day on the river, do not two more triumphs loom inevitable? What a woman! Miranda by name not only.

THE authors of *Bats in the Belfry* are Diana Morgan, who has been responsible for many full houses at Gate Theatre revues, and Robert MacDermot, who is her husband and a B.B.C. announcer. They probably chose their title as a gay and modest comment on their own work. Having many years before them in which to go on writing plays, they are sure to learn that one bright line often kills another bright line, and that no bright line should be admitted which is not in character. When Aunt Miranda asks, "What *is* a schooner?" it is not funny to hear the rector answer "Something in Masefield," because this rector would not talk like that. But it might be very pleasant to hear the authors themselves talk like that at a party. Of which may I one day have the pleasure.

Public assistance and public nuisance with a girlhood friend: Lilian Braithwaite and Marcus Barron

Sketches by Rouson

The marriage will not take place. A boor who works at bulls and bears, a fragile wisp of ingenuousness: Michael Shepley and Vivien Leigh

The dogs and the bone: Eric Maturin, Lydia Sherwood and Henry Kendall

Conductors for Opera

Braithwaite and Collingwood of Sadler's Wells

Warwick Braithwaite

He is a New Zealander by birth, came over here to study at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was Goring Thomas Composition Scholar, and at Munich, then joined the O'Mara Opera Company (now disbanded) as musical director, where he gained the experience that he has now transferred to Sadler's Wells. He has been there for four years and, apart from conducting at some B.B.C. Concerts, most of his energies are absorbed by the long and full opera seasons in Rosebery Avenue. As well as directing regularly "La Bohème," "The Barber of Seville," "Faust," and "Die Fledermaus," he has this year been responsible for the first Vic-Wells performance of "The Mastersingers," and the new productions of "Falstaff," "The Magic Flute" (due on March 31st) and "Rigoletto"

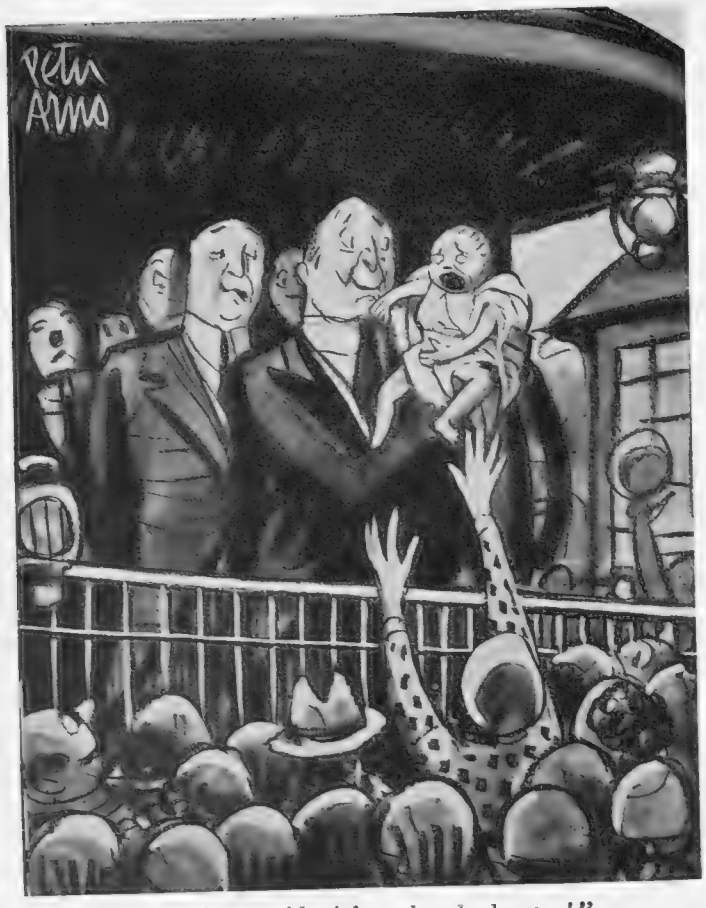
Lawrance Collingwood

Is now preparing the new Vic-Wells production of Vaughan Williams' "Hugh the Drover," for April 21st; the recent revival of "The Travelling Companion," was also made under his bâton, and his regular operas include "Figaro," "Aïda," "Lohengrin," "Carmen," and three Russians—"The Snow Maiden," "Tsar Sultan" (not done this season) and "Boris Godounov." It is Collingwood's influence that has put these forward in the programme; he studied for six years at the Petrograd Conservatoire under Coates, was there when revolution broke out, when he escaped to Finland. Collingwood directed "Hansel and Gretel" at the recent Covent Garden winter season and has conducted at the Proms.; his own opera, "Macbeth," was performed at Sadler's Wells three years ago

Photographs by Anthony

"For Members Only"

Four Jokes From the New Peter Arno Book Just Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head



"Kiss it, stupid—it's a hundred votes!"

"Have no concern, Mrs. Parmelee. We got them on and we'll get them off!"

"This is a hell of a time to take a shave!"

"Now let me lead, stingy!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

STARTED recently at Yale, a movement with the slogan "Roosevelt for King," is now sweeping all the Universities of America. The undergraduates demand that Franklin I. and Eleanor I. of America shall be crowned at Washington without delay, and not a few citizens of the Republic are probably wishing, with a secret sigh, that it were something more than a rag; for in America they quite honestly revere the humblest baronet, the least important European royalty sends them dizzy, and even a Georgian prince can get away with it still (1937) in the darker regions and outlying belts of the Middle West. We 're not looking down our noses, either. We deem Democracy's substitutes to be not so hot themselves, as any fool can perceive.

Another point in favour is that an American coronation would be undoubtedly the most splendid and thorough coronation the world has ever seen, combining all that is richest in every ceremonial of the kind from Charlemagne down; possibly going still further back and borrowing picturesque bits from Egypt and ancient Rome as well. One or two brisk touches might—who knows?—be added, linking the ancient and the modern; such as anointing Franklin I., or whoever it is, with Standard Oil, having the service sung in close harmony by the Yacht Club Boys in mediæval costume, and allowing the newly-created peers of the American Realm taking part to advertise their products on the back of their robes.

Object Lesson

WHILE the revue girls sat in the stalls, laughing themselves sick, Herr Julius Streicher, the Nuremberg Nazi chief, compelled all the dramatic critics of the city to dance on the stage of the Apollo Theatre during a rehearsal the other day, just to teach them how difficult it was.

There are several fallacies in the Streicher theory, of course. It couldn't be applied, for example—could it?—to critics attached to Nuremberg poultry journals at an egg-laying competition. And it rests on what critics declare unanimously to be a big fallacy to begin with—the one which argues that if you can't do a thing yourself you 're not competent to criticise it. Naturally the critic boys couldn't agree with this; which is why so many of them, from Croce to Newman, write books and articles at intervals proving how necessary they are, how noble their calling, how vital, and how, but for them, civilisation would flop utterly and disappear. (We 've always detected, rightly or wrongly, a slightly nervous undernote in these declarations, as if the boys were glancing sideways—expecting a kick in the pants.) However, we wouldn't ever go so far as some people, and describe critics as parasites. In their cups some of them may have admitted it, but they 've always asked people to treat it in confidence.

Returning to the Nuremberg débacle, we 've been trying to imagine how far an application of Streicher's method would succeed among dramatic critics in London. Our old mentor, James ("Boss") Agate can of course do most things, as he has often admitted, and we shouldn't wonder if he 'd turn out to be a second Nijinsky, his leaps and entrechats and glissades and grands écarts striking the beholder dumb with amazement, ravishment, and awe. The other critic boys don't strike us as having much dancing genius in them, barring perhaps Mr. Charles ("Sparkenbroke") Morgan of the *Times*, who could probably tread a dainty saraband, purging it *ipso facto* of its grosser elements, converting it into a symbol of the Higher Truth and union with the Infinite, and incidentally rebuking, in a refined and subtle way, the eupeptic Boss, who proclaimed recently in public that all his life he 's longed to be an acrobat, "but something told me I should be better as a critic."

This of course is why the Streicher method must fail. Real critic boys have no need to bestir themselves. They have a mission and they know it. Some Power higher than themselves has pointed the path of duty and they dare not relinquish their sacred charge, or do any kind of work whatsoever. From time to time we 've had the mystic call ourselves to lie down comfortably and tell people where they 're wrong; but when they turn on us savagely and ask who the devil we think we are we meekly get up and go on working. No true critic would ever do this, so it 's obvious we haven't the vocation.

Wait for It

THE Great National Drive for Keepin' Fit continues to amuse, the best and latest laugh being a demand by certain M.P.s to have a gymnasium at the House of Commons. If you can summon up a picture of squads of those boys doing daily hands-down and knees-bend at the command of a ruthless Guards instructor and undergoing every kind of agony, you may agree that entertainment-tax ought to be charged, if and when it happens.

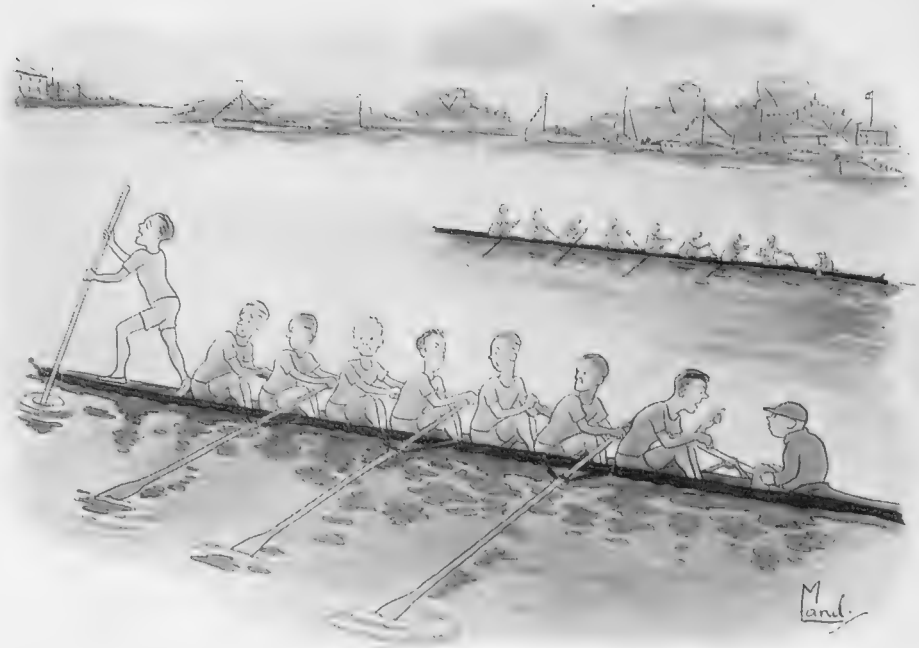
Everybody is going to be so fearfully keen on gettin' and keepin' fit, apparently, that nobody will have time to listen to a modest suggestion we 've been asked to make in the interests of public health and the national weal—namely, that to spend wads of public money on physical training and to ignore the country's much more urgent need for mental training is raving lunacy in the best tradition of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. You may argue that a fit and healthy dumb cluck is better anyhow than an unfit and unhealthy dumb cluck; but on the contrary, surely, the fitter the boob the more messes his bounding energy is likely to drive him into and the less likely he is to pause to try to think, even in a relative way. And the bleak truth

Telephone Talks: No. 2

"I can hardly believe my ears!"

is that the British actually don't *know* how to think—it 's Professor Keynes's cry, not ours. They don't know how because they 're never taught. Hence our curious national pride in muddling things, which is like being proud of a squint or cirrhosis of the liver, but more ignoble.

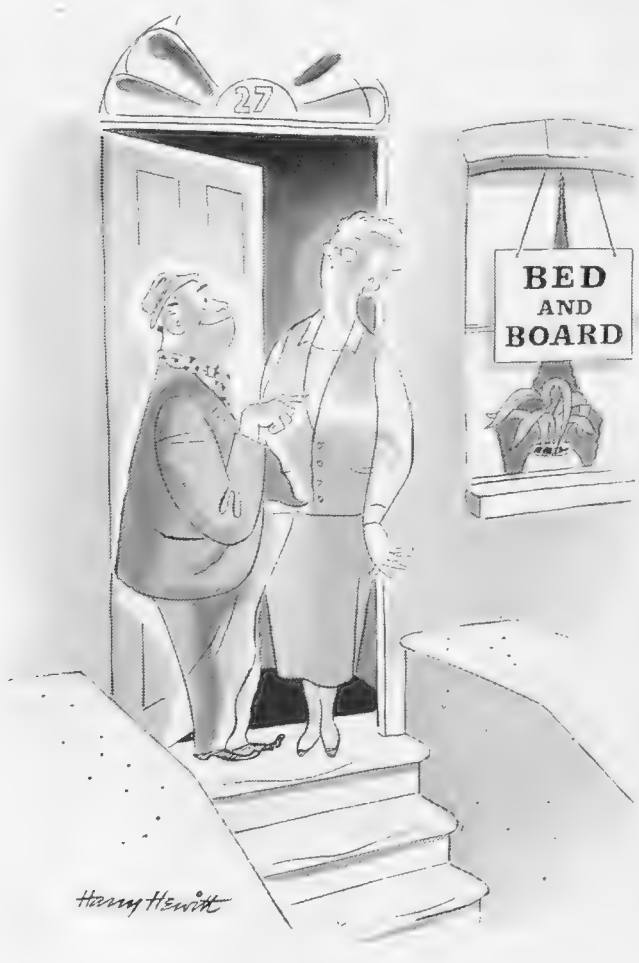
People who care about these things, therefore, consider national mental gymnasia and mass-courses in elementary logic about a thousand times more urgent than national physical jerks. Naturally the instructors would have to tackle the House of Commons first; a tough job—do you ever study Hansard?—but a vitally necessary one. And gosh, would the process of purging away those accumulated crusts of bumbling provincial ignorance and wayward emotional flubdub and inherited misconceptions and traditional prejudices and clotted stupidity hurt! It would hurt like the devil, indeed. Yet how salutary!



" He 's never been the same since that trip to Venice ! "

Laugh, Clown

THE Fratellini (Paul, Albert, François) have collected another public honour. The City of Paris has just given these popular clowns a medal in recognition of the many charity performances for poor children they have given and organised. They already have the Légion d'Honneur. The next step seems almost inevitably to be election to the Academy, which they deserve just as much as some of the obscure pedants and pontiffs and politicians' chouchous who have sat under Richelieu's dome during the past century. Out of costume and devoid of paint and spangles, false toes and eyebrows, the Fratellini look like prosperous business men (which they are—and how they are!), whereas if you 've ever seen the illustrious Forty on some ceremonial occasion at the Academy you have to admit that many of 'em look as comic in their green gala uniform, cocked hats, and dress-swords as any clown. Especially as to the legs—but read that gay and ruthless description of an Academy function in Alphonse Daudet's *L'Immortel*. We 've got nothing to compare with it in London as a spectacle arousing pure mirth except a parade of Cabinet Ministers in Court dress.



" How much to sleep on the board ? "

For some reason our own rulers hate to recognise the value of professional buffoons and grudge them every kind of honour very bitterly. George Robey's magnificent war work won him nothing more than an O.B.E., such as was awarded the wives of provincial mayors who lent their cars to the nation when they weren't using them. Eminent comedians of the legitimate British stage get only an occasional knighthood, doled out unwillingly and with niggardly care, and it has been surmised by a modern thinker that any British actor to whom we were compelled to give a baronetcy would probably turn out to have no heir. It may be that subconsciously we feel there 's such a lot of first-rate amateur buffoonery about in public life that to honour the professionals exclusively would be unfair. The Gifted Amateur has always been our British ideal, after all.

More Salvage

IT 's now some time since Sir John Squire got sick of worrying about the City churches and turned to other things. We note with satisfaction that his mantle has descended on Mr. John Betjeman, who had a long letter in the *Times* the other day complaining about the original fittings of All Hallows being placed in a suburban church not designed on Wren lines. Mr. Betjeman is against this; he warns the architect to be very careful, and he doesn't want the fittings distributed among several churches either. He doesn't mind the windows, which are repulsive, being given to " the gentlemen who are going to do business on the site of Wren's church." You perceive that where Sir John worried only generally and in a broad way, Mr. Betjeman worries in detail, and rather more peremptorily. (" On no account must . . .") We have the highest respect for Mr. Betjeman as an æsthetic authority (as Walter Pater said of Giorgione, he certainly knows his onions) and for this reason we think the iconoclasts might stop their ravaging just for a moment and listen, and not carry on with song and jest amid clouds of dust as if they didn't give a damn. This is what disheartened Sir John at length some years ago, and though Mr. Betjeman is a younger man and pretty dogged, we 've a feeling they 'll get him down too in the end.

March of Time

THERE 's something fascinating yet repellent to us in the record of a London solicitor named Hocombe, who is now using his sixty-fifth consecutive annual season ticket between Pinner and King's Cross, and has been arriving at his office in this way every morning at 10 a.m. since February 1872. To try to group together in the mind all the changes taking place while Mr. Hocombe has been methodically going between Pinner and

King's Cross and vice versa makes it reel. Pot hats, bustles, omnibus cads, Holywell Street, gas-lamps, Temple Bar, gin palaces, Seven Dials, whiskers, lions comiques—the London such things pertained to seems as fantastic and unlikely as Baghdad under Haroun. It seems impossible that right up to the nineties the Strand remained practically intact from at least a hundred years before; but old Londoners swear it. Then the first madness of destruction came with the pulling down of beautiful old Clement's Inn, and—well, why go on, since it makes you as sick as it does us?

It possibly didn't occur to Mr. Hocombe as he read the papers at the time, but the most terrific change in London happened in about half an hour one day in 1910 when a Frenchman named Blériot flew the Channel. For hundreds of years, up to the moment of his landing, citizens of London had deemed their city almost as safe from direct attack as if it were on the Moon. A moment afterwards they may have suspected it wasn't so any more; about five years later they knew for certain it wasn't, and about five years from this present moment—who knows?—they may not be there to know anything at all, said old Uncle Cheeriboy, rubbing his hands with a benevolent chuckle!

Inscrutable East Dept.

WATCHING the highly attractive dancing of Uday Shan-Kar and his Hindu troupe at the Savoy Theatre the other night, we wished at the moment we knew more about those graceful traditional movements of the hands and arms, wrists and legs which, an authority assured us, all mean something highly significant and esoteric. Most Oriental actors and dancers have this anti-social trick of making gestures which mean something to them but nothing to a Western audience (and still less—ho, ho!—to a West End audience). Merely for one's own æsthetic satisfaction, we thought it would be nice to know whether a certain flick of a Hindu dancer's wrist or poise of the fingers meant "The small cross-eyed child in the mango tope says good evening to the lovesick elephant," or "Will the musical gentleman in the striped loincloth who offered the niece of the gardener some old boiled rice kindly get to hell out of it?", or simply, "My God, chaps, look at those faces in Row G, 16, 17, and 18!"

Chinese actors do the same thing with fans, conveying with a single half-imperceptible gesture on an empty stage that the man who just got off the imaginary horse was once engaged to a stout girl in Canton named Loo Ching Lee, whose father had projecting teeth and was rather unpopular, people hinting openly that though ostensibly in the wholesale fish trade he was up to no good, and where did she get all those jade bangles? Javanese actors go one step further in esoteric hermeticism and can express all this and more by very slightly wrinkling the left side of the face. If at the same time the left eyebrow goes up the merest fraction of an inch the whole exquisite scene is destroyed, loud cries in Javanese of "Ham!!", "Lousy!", "Terrible!", and "Get off!" break from the infuriated audience, and the unhappy actor is pelted with dried shark-spawn and sets of native pottery.

One consolation remains, on second thoughts: namely, that if we knew what it all meant we mightn't care. This goes for old Uncle Pirandello and certain other lights of the Western theatre as well.

Backchat Button

SCIENCE'S newest gift to humanity is the invention of an American electrical expert, Dr. Neil Monroe Hopkins, who has developed a gadget or device whereby radio listeners can signal back to the studio what they think of any current item. This was bound to come before long, and obviously it's merely the precursor of a still more useful device enabling the listener to criticise vocally. We can see this ultimate gadget in its first stage in our mind's eye as we write. It's a neat adaptation of the automatic telephone dial, the letters L, O, S, U, and Y being specially reinforced against hard usage. At the studio a red lamp glows, a mechanical voice repeats the message, nobody takes the faintest notice, and the show goes on.

Television and other things will probably improve this device quite soon, the listener, by pressing a button, being able to project on a screen not only his voice but his silly big angry face. At the B.B.C. they're getting ready for this, too, we're told. A special studio will take reception, each listener being televised automatically in turn; and as there won't be anyone there to listen or care, the studio being empty, the door being permanently locked, and the walls soundproof, nothing much more is likely to happen about it than happens now. What happens now—did you know?—is that the postmen call at Broadcasting House and empty their hourly loads of letters and postcards into a large chute from which they are conveyed on an endless band to the sorting-room, where deft sorters working by touch pick out letters containing cheques, money orders and O.B.E.s and shovel the rest like lightning into another big chute leading direct to the furnaces. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"Well, come on—don't be nervous"

Trans-Continental Touring: the de Basil Company's Special Train

Round the World With the Russian Ballet

IV. Full Cycle: By Arnold L. Haskell

At last I have completed the circle from Southern to Northern Hemisphere, from summer to winter, from Colonel de Basil's new company to the parent one.

I left the new company packing the Sydney theatre on the hottest week recorded there, and joined my old friends in the cold, crisp air of the mile-high Colorado capital, Denver. I left *Sylphides*, *Aurora*, and *Le Boutique Fantasque*, only to find them all over again.

In the interval, I had seen Maori ballet and Hawaiian "hula," both of them, alas, so Harlem inspired that but little of Polynesia remains; they are nearly as far removed from their origins as ballet from country dancing, but they still maintain a defiant pretence of local colour and tradition. The Maori performance ends with a familiar tune—"Home, Sweet Home"—but in grass skirts. Still, it was a good show with dance routines that would put a West End producer in the seventh heaven.

The company that London knows so well has added two revivals to its repertoire—Massine's delightful suite, *Cimarosiana*, a popular favourite in Diaghileff days, and *Papillons*, Fokine's sentimental sequel to the genuinely romantic *Carnaval*, a pre-war work that few present-day balletomanes have seen.

When I joined them, many familiar figures were missing, temporarily indisposed after a hard tour: Toumanova, Baronova, Shabelevsky, all on the sick list, with Danilova and Riabouchinska gallantly bearing the burden of the work. This, together with the outstanding success of the new group, convinces me that we have a tendency to pay too much attention to names at the expense of finely organised team-work, which is the only real basis of success.

It would interest many Covent Garden balletomanes to travel for a while with their company.

There is a fine special train: fourteen carriages, Pullman sleepers, all lower berths, dining- and observation-cars, and waggons for the scenery, costumes and electric equipment, and soon this train becomes a home. Two hours or so after the evening performance, all is packed away and the train leaves, covering the vast distances at a speed not possible on the ordinary routes. Rarely is there a hitch; this time there was one however, that delighted the whole company, meaning a two-day holiday. The train was snowed-up in the mountains of California, immovable for six-and-thirty hours while elk, wolves and bear prowled around taking their first sight of a Russian Ballet.

Personally, I seem to inspire weather records: hottest night in Sydney, biggest rainfall in Honolulu, and, finally, on my way home in the Queen Mary, flying-fish in the Atlantic in February. During my short tour with the company in the U.S.A., we hit the worst sandstorm in Kansas for forty years—it is always forty years. Visibility nil as the train sped through the night, dust everywhere, filtering through double windows and ventilators, covering sheets and sleeping dancers with a deposit of grit. Unfortunately for the dancers, this time it meant no delay, no enforced holiday with free meals.

How tiring it all is, and the dreadful monotony of these small Middle-Western cities, with their long main street. All that the Ballet notices is Woolworth's, the cinema, and the local hotel. If these are all right, then the town can be graded as A1 as far as they are concerned.

What strikes one the most is the size of the theatres and their fine appearance. City of 15,000 inhabitants, theatre seating 3000, one-fifth of the population! And the theatre can be converted into a stadium for wrestling, and the increasingly popular basket-ball matches. But it is politics that have built the majority of these vast auditoriums so that monster conventions can be held where Democrat and Republican candidates can "view with concern" or "affirm these sacred principles once again" and offer themselves to the people.

And the ballet attracts one-fifth of the population, although at times they have no idea what it is all about, and ring up to ask the local manager what time the burlesque comes on. They do not miss much. It is good to say you have seen the Russian Ballet, but a city of half-a-million can only support one, or at the utmost two performances, while in Australia, Adelaide, with its 250,000, can fill the theatre for three weeks, and still demand more. Australia has the London attitude towards ballet, every audience might have come straight from Sadler's Wells. They realise that the better a work is known, the more it can be enjoyed, and, bless them, they are not frightened of making a noise.

In America the ballet must keep constantly on the move. It is popular, a gigantic national success, so long as it moves and moves, eating up the miles every night in its luxury special, packing and unpacking. Under such circumstances it cannot create, and it was a marvel to me how it could maintain so excellent a standard of dancing. These dancers, like the artists they are, must be dancing for themselves rather than for their public.

There have even been marked improvements among the younger members especially in the cases of Olga Morosova and Tamara Grigorieva, who add to their original gifts technique, stage-craft, and a strong increase of personality.

Soon the Covent Garden season will be with us again, a longer festival this year, and by travelling 28,000-odd miles I will have managed a full year of Russian Ballet, and almost a full year of summer.

Hollywood influence—Tamara Grigorieva, David Lichine, Maurice Seymour, the Chicago photographer, and Sono Osato do a Marx Brothers' take-off

M. and Mme. Sevastianov celebrated their wedding anniversary somewnere in the Middle West. Irina Baronova eloped with her husband, who is the secretary of the Company, during last year's American tour

Irina Baronova and Shirley Temple in a Hollywood Restaurant

Round the World With the Russian Ballet

Tatiana Riabouchinska on a wayside station beside the special train that was snow-bound for thirty-six hours

Films of the Day

"Three Smart Girls": By George Campbell

SAD (is it not?) that every time a British film producer takes a deep breath, and brags about our studios leading the world, along comes Hollywood with something that gently, devastatingly, debunks him.

Three Smart Girls, for example. Here is a picture that probably cost between £40,000 and £60,000—about half what England spends on a funny historical drama or sombre musical. It has no big star. It was not based on one of those Broadway plays that Sam Goldwyn buys at anything from three to ten dollars a word.

(Don't, please, imagine I 'm being facetious. That is roughly how prices work out for a Broadway hit costing anything between the £10,000 paid for *Night Must Fall* and the £35,000 that the author received for *You Can't Take It With You*.)

It was produced by Joseph Pasternak and directed by Henry Koster; and Joseph and Henry, stout fellows and regular guys, no doubt, must not be hurt if I confess I never heard of either of them.

What is the secret, then? It is easy, and tempting, to generalise waggishly, as Whistler did when he said he mixed his paint with brains. The script of *Three Smart Girls* has been mixed with brains all right. For a continuous flow of effective incident, mostly funny, sometimes quite surprisingly moving, it is a model of its kind. Yet I have known scores of films in which the writing was just as brilliant, and the picture was a flop. (Remember *Girl Without a Room*, full of the most delicious satire of the Left Bank, and *Three-Cornered Moon*? And *Once in a Lifetime*? All typical of the "literary" film which earns superlative notices and reduces exhibitors—or those who can read press notices—to the verge of bankruptcy.)

The acting in *Three Smart Girls* is good, but again no better than you will find in scores of other pictures. The direction is faultless; but I could say as much of—no, not scores, perhaps, but at least a dozen other pictures which made only a fleeting impression on the public. Which means, of course, that you may combine the talents of a Sheridan and a Garrick and yet produce a flop, and hire a crew of unknowns and half-knowns and set the whole world laughing and crying by turns, as *Three Smart Girls* will do. All very odd and confusing to bankers and other business men with nice, tidy minds who go into the film business with a success formula and come out without their shirts.

The nominal star of *Three Smart Girls* is a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old child called Deanna Durbin. Deanna is, I believe, an American radio singer. Certainly she has a most attractive soprano voice and has been taught how to use it. But the remarkable thing about her is her poise, her complete mastery of vocal inflections, her timing of a line—all the things that are supposed to come after years of hard training. Either film-acting is even easier than stage players say it is, or little Miss Durbin is a prodigy.

Nan Gray and Barbara Read play the other two smart girls. Binnie Barnes is a designing hussy trying to marry the children's father for his money, Alice Brady dithers about as her mother. Ray Milland is agreeable as an English nobleman, and Ernest Cossart scores once again as a butler. But the hit of the film, Deanna Durbin apart, is Mischa Auer's performance as a Hungarian count, hired by the girls to divert the adventuress's attentions from their father. No more brilliant bit of comic characterisation has come my way for years.

Deanna Durbin

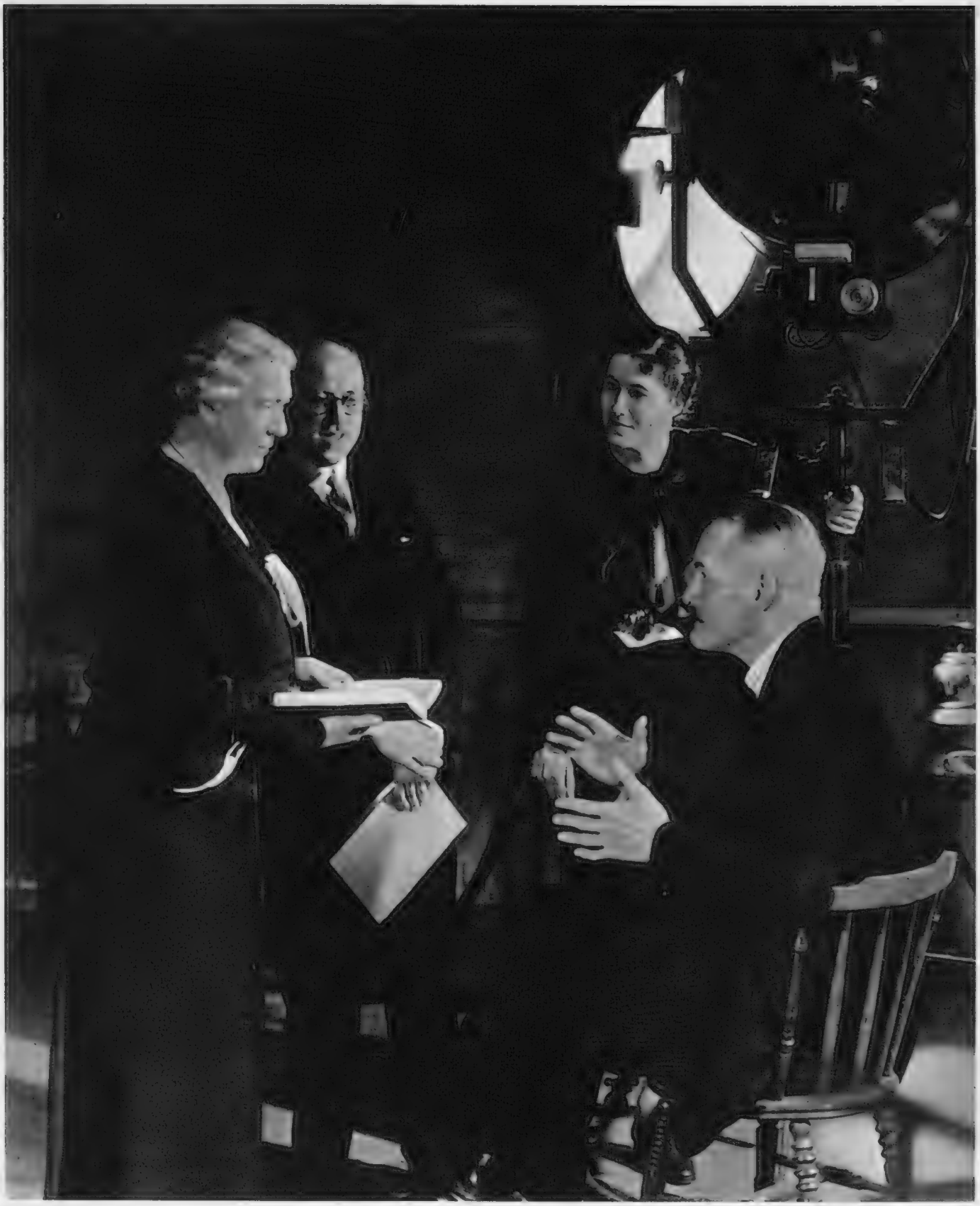
Deanna Durbin is the leading mischief in "Three Smart Girls," a new star of fourteen years old with a delightful personality and a good voice, who has made her debut and a terrific hit in this film. It is at the Gaumont; the premiere last week was in aid of the Margaret Club and Day Nursery

"The Sequel to 2nd Bureau"

Pierre Magnier and Renée St. Cyr are in the French spy film at the Curzon; Mlle. St. Cyr co-stars in it with Jules Berry. The director is Leon Mathot. The story is by Charles Robert Dumas, who was responsible for its very successful predecessor, "2nd Bureau"

LIKE most people, I dearly love a thriller. *Deuxième Bureau* (the sequel this time), seems to me first rate. The characters are original, particularly the French spy who regards his trade as one huge lark, they are all recognisable human beings, and the plot is worked out with extraordinary ingenuity—in fact, at the beginning its complexities are just a little difficult to follow. The suspense is maintained till the last shot, and there are some glimpses of espionage methods which may or may not be authentic but lack nothing in the way of thrills. Great stuff.

I HAD always suspected that Tom Walls was an excellent character-actor. *For Valour* confirms it. In this queer confection Mr. Walls and Mr. Lynn are both seen in double rôles—as soldiers (one of them a crook) in the Boer War, and later as their descendants, now both crooks. The Boer War scenes are quite incredible, but in the later passages Mr. Ben Travers strikes his form. The working of a familiar confidence trick proves excellent comedy, and once the police get on the trail the laughs are mixed agreeably with suspense. A highly immoral film ends with the police confounded and the crooks at large—though Mr. Walls has promised, a little half-heartedly, I thought, to go straight. A curate's egg of a picture, with the good more than compensating for the bad.



Howard Coster, London

Documentary Film Conference

One of the most interesting and authentic series of films ever made is the *Secrets of Life* nature films; the treatment of a biological film in that series was the subject under discussion by this group of scientists—Professor Winifred Cullis, Professor Salisbury, Miss Mary Field, and Mr. H. Bruce Woolfe. Professor Cullis, of the London School of Medicine for Women, is chairman of the British Film Institute's Science Panel; Professor Salisbury is Professor of Botany at the London University. Mr. Woolfe is the director of G.-B. Instructional Ltd., the company that has made these films, and Miss Field is their producer. She and Mr. Woolfe have worked together on them for six years; she herself is a pioneer in the educational film world, having been producing pictures of this type for over ten years. At present this brilliant woman is working on three new and vast subjects: historical films for schools, entirely made with diagrammatic drawings and with a kind of Mickey Mouse technique; a documentary film dealing with local government in England and Wales; and a British Empire film survey. This last will take between a million and two million feet of celluloid to cover its huge subject, and must be one of the biggest films and certainly the biggest documentary ever undertaken

Father (Noël Howlett) to Gladys (Ann Casson): "Would you go upstairs and fetch my glasses, please? They are in my room or somewhere"

"George and Margaret"

Uproarious Comedy at Wyndham's Theatre

Frankie (Jane Baxter, right): "Don't be silly. I saw you come out of her room as I was going to the bathroom"

Mother (Joyce Barbour): "Frankie, don't say such things, even in fun"

Dudley (Nigel Patrick, sitting): "She must go sometimes, mother, even in fun"

George and Margaret

Below: Gladys to Claude (John Boxer): "Oh, Claude, don't be such a stick. Kiss me"

Gerald Savory's comedy was performed one evening in January by the Repertory Players, and some critics prophesied for it then a successful run in the West End; this has now come to pass, with Noël Howlett in his original part as the pseudo-absent-minded paterfamilias, Joyce Barbour in hers as the fatuous wife, and John Boxer and Nigel Patrick in theirs as the sons of the house. Newcomers are Jane Baxter as the charming daughter, Ronald Ward as her charming young man, Ann Casson as the parlourmaid who marries into the family, and Irene Handl in a three-minute silent part that is one of the funniest things on the London stage. The couple whose names make the title, by the way, never appear. As to plot, there 's nothing at all to get hold of, save the arms of your seat (if your neighbour hasn't annexed them) while you rock with laughter. Richard Bird produced

Have you seen

Frankie to Roger (Ronald Ward): "I think you are rather a weak character on the whole; I think you are gutless"

Father, carrying the sleeping Frankie: "Oh, dear, I've been telling lies for nothing"

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

new maid? (Irene Handl)

Below: Mother: "... after I've taken the trouble to introduce every possible type of nice girl into the home"
Dudley: "I don't think we moderns appreciate procured women"

Lion Cub at Play

Zebras at

The Penguin: an Odd Angle on an Odd Bird

Animal

Wild-Life-
Studies by

Whipsnade

Gallery

in-Captivity

Zoltan Glass

Morning Toilet: Thames Swans Ashore

Below: the Innocent Sleeper

In Character

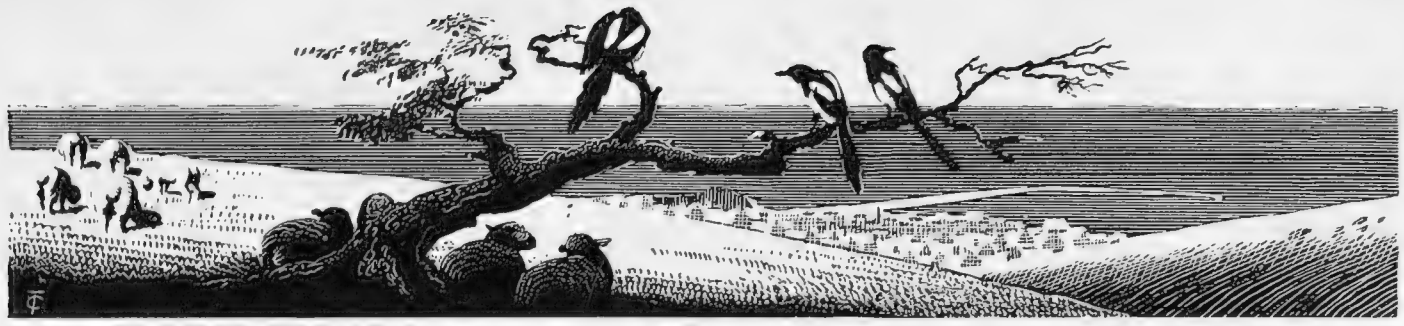
Sheila MacCarthy of the Vic-Wells Ballet Company

As the Aunt in "Casse Noisette"

In "The Rake's Progress"

Sheila MacCarthy is responsible for several effective character-studies at Sadler's Wells. There is, for example, her portrait of a Hogarthian slut in *The Rake's Progress*, full of a coarse vitality and humour, an excellent interpretation of the choregrapher's intention. In contrast to this, in *Casse Noisette*, her old lady's fussy, inquisitive pleasure in a gay party, bridling and pettish by turns, is a perfect cameo of feminine "aunt-ish" old age. And another of her rôles in which acting replaces convention is the Mother in *Giselle*. In real life Sheila MacCarthy is only twenty-three; she has been with the ballet company since it first came into being in 1931, and since she was fifteen has been trained almost entirely by Ninette de Valois. She is now on the teaching staff of the School, and takes some of the evening ballet classes for office-workers. She was also responsible for some of the Old Vic Shakespearean dresses last year

Photographs by Anthony



"Bystander" Short Story No. 81

In Search of a Maid

By S. P. B. Mais

Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe

PEREGRINE NEFT-ORWINGE (pronounced Newt-Orange) couldn't help his name.

Indeed, until Bert Blackup came to live in the village and built his unsightly bungalows over downland that had for centuries been Neft-Orwinge property, Peregrine had been proud of it. The villagers, luckily, were still proud of Peregrine.

Luckily, too, he was fairly adaptable. The quick changes of modernity distressed him only by fits and starts. He bore no real rancour against a society that permitted isolated individuals like Bert Blackup to give nothing back to the State but ugliness in return for spoiling for ever its natural beauty; indeed, rewarded him with great wealth for the rape.

It was, of course, a mad world, but it was, at times, amusingly mad.

Whenever Sally and he could snatch an hour from work (his peace-time work, under the cognomen of the "Honourable Sylphia," was to keep the women readers of the *Morning Sun* excited about slimming, mothercraft, and love), they would cycle round the village green, and then up the one chalk lane leading to the downs that Bert had not lined with bungalows.

On the top of the downs they would lie among the earthworks that the flint-miners had raised three thousand years before and look down over the close-cropped turf on which the sheep grazed and the gorse-bushes over which the larks sang to the sunlit sea beyond the harbour. And all would seem very well in a well-ordered world, except the rather ugly-looking and ever-spreading rash of red roofs silently but relentlessly creeping up the gentle slopes from the village.

"What a lovely world," Sally would sigh contentedly as she lay back at her ease looking up into the blue.

And Peregrine would echo that sentiment looking down at Sally, who really had the face and figure that the million readers of his "Honourable Sylphia" articles hoped, with dieting and prayer, to achieve.

It was only on looking into the valley that they were reminded of factors at work destroying this loveliness.

And nearly always on their return from these rides, they met Bert Blackup's Bentley, ALY 9301.

And then they met it charging down on them in a cloud of dust in their own chalk lane, not just once, but every day, whatever time of day they happened to be there.

"Well, we know what that means," said Sally. "Blackup doesn't come up here for love of the scenery. He's building a new burg. That's the end of our downs."

It was. Each day thereafter they watched a slight but ineradicable change come over their beloved lane, a tree cut here, a gap in the hedge there, bricks dumped in irregular stacks, the barn destroyed, drains laid down, the erection of huge notice-boards bearing the inscription in black and red: "Ripe for Development"; men with chains and theodolites, then the army of hod-carrying, whistling builders, lorries with window-frames, gas-fitters, electricians, furnishing vans, and then with inconceivable quickness, an army of men in bowlre hats, leaving in the morning, women going down to shop, prams in the garden, children on bicycles, dogs chasing each other and stray cats, tradesmen's carts, curtains, trim flower-beds, and a new world settling down to be born, love, marry, and die, where only a few months before had been foxes, gulls, magpies, a few swallows, and a myriad larks playing over green downs.

ONE morning as he was inventing a letter for the *Morning Sun* from "Anxious Fiancée," which he would answer the following morning, Sally came into the combined study, dining-room, and drawing-room in tears.

This was unusual, because she purposely kept out of his way, making beds, taking Susan out for her walk, and ordering the food for the day until noon. It was unusual too, because she rarely cried. There was, however, some excuse now. She was within a week or two of expecting her second child.

He ran across the room, thinking that she must have hurt herself.

"It's Ada," she sobbed. He heaved a sigh of relief. So long as it wasn't Sally or Susan. Ada was their maid-of-all-work.

"Badly hurt?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"She's getting married," she said tragically.

Peregrine smiled.

"Oh, come. That's not so very terrible. We can afford to give her something."

"But she promised she wouldn't. We shall never get another. Servants are simply impossible. And just now, too, of all times. Why have people no consideration?"

"I suppose she's afraid she won't get a husband at all if she doesn't snap him up when he wants her. I'll get on to the agencies at once."

"Agencies!" said Sally, with such a wealth of scorn in her voice that Peregrine recalled with a shiver all his previous efforts to secure any satisfaction from agencies.

It meant the end of "Anxious Fiancée" for the morning.

"I'll get you a maid. Don't you worry," he said.

"That's just it. I shall worry. I can't help worrying. What's going to happen to you and Susan while I'm in the nursing home?"

"We'll have a maid long before that," he said, taking up the telephone receiver.

The bell rang long and pleasantly at the first agency he rang up.

"They're not engaged," he said comfortingly to Sally. "That's one thing."

They were not engaged, but at the end of five minutes there was still no reply. "In bed, obviously," he said.

He rang up another agent.

A sweet girlish voice answered at once, took down the fullest possible particulars.

"Must be fond of children," repeated Peregrine firmly.

"And not over thirty," whispered Sally.

"And not over thirty," repeated Peregrine firmly.

The fullest possible particulars given, he then asked cheerfully: "And how many girls can you send over to be interviewed?"

"Well—you see—sir, it's a bad time now, what with the holidays coming on. I haven't actually got *any* names on my books just at present."

"*Not—got—any—names?*" repeated Peregrine.

A little squeal came from Sally.

(Continued on page 486)

"I've got a mother's help, but she won't go anywhere unless there are horses."

Peregrine repeated this slowly and with pleasure to Sally.

Peregrine listened while leaves were being turned over in a book.

"I've got a woman of forty-six, but she won't go anywhere where there are children, and she must have her own child of twelve with her."

The pages continued to rustle.

Peregrine felt that the call was becoming too expensive.

"And so that's the best you can do?" he asked.

"I've got a *man*," came from the sweet voice at the other end.

"You're lucky," he shouted. "You'll need one."

He got on his bicycle and rode across the green to the Post Office.

On the way he dismounted six times to ask the help of a parish councillor, the doctor, the carpenter, the headmistress of the Council School, the retired sergeant-major who ran the Lord Nelson, and the wicket-keeper of the cricket-team.

All were sympathetic. None knew of any girl who wanted a job.

They all shook their heads dismally.

As he turned the corner to the Post Office, he was nearly run down by Blackup's Bentley. "Blast you!" shouted Peregrine to the back of the disappearing car.

The old postmaster was as pessimistic as the others.

"I get asked for maids twenty times a day."

The postmaster's daughter, who liked Peregrine, passing by the counter, over-heard her father, and said: "As a matter of fact, Jane Shaw told me that she's going to leave her job, Dad. They won't pay her board-wages when they go on holiday."

Peregrine shook with excitement.

"Give me her address. I'll go and see her at once. What's she like?"

"She's Welsh. You'll find her at 15a, Downland Drive. That's her young man's address. I've just come from there."

Peregrine waited for no more.

Downland Drive was a row of new glaring tenements put up by Blackup in what had been the Archery Field when Peregrine was a boy.

A neat, black-haired, white-faced girl opened the door.

"Are you Jane Shaw?"

"Yes, sir."

An admirable maid.

"I hear you want to change your situation?"

"Yes, sir. My present employers won't give me board-wages when they go on holiday."

He liked her more and more—good-looking, well-spoken, deferential, and yet independent.

"Can you come over and see the house now?"

"I'd like to, sir. I've got a bicycle."

He introduced her to Sally with much the air of a man unexpectedly bringing home the Ascot Gold Cup.

When Sally had shown her over the house she brought her down to the combined study, dining-room, and drawing-room.

"Well?" asked Peregrine, who had not been idle in her absence.

"I'd like to come, sir."

"Right. Here's your contract. You agree to come in a fortnight. I'll give you half-a-crown a week more than you're getting, and board-wages on holiday. Sign here, will you?"

She read the document carefully, signed it, and Peregrine signed his copy and gave it to her.

"Well—that's settled," he said with a beaming face, and stretched out his hand.

"I hope you'll be happy, Jane."

"I'm sure I shall, sir."

He took her to the door, and, just as she was going, said: "And your present master, do I know him?"

"Oh! I think so, sir. I work for Mr. Blackup."

"Mr.—*Blackup*?" echoed Peregrine. He recovered quickly.

"Oh! well. Good-bye, Jane. See you in a fortnight." He ran back to the drawing-room to Sally.

"And who do you think she works for?" he asked.

She was dancing, as far as her condition would allow, a pas seul.

"Who?"

"Blackup!"

She stopped dancing at once.

"Oh! I wish she wasn't coming from Blackup." She sat down heavily.

The next morning brought a letter from Jane.

"DEAR MR. NEFT-ORWINGE,—Mr. Blackup has now decided to give me board-wages, so as I am happy here I have decided to stay.

"Hoping I have not inconvenienced you in any way.

"Yours respectfully, JANE SHAW."

The sight of Sally crying over that letter was too much for Peregrine.

He got up from breakfast, mounted his bicycle, and armed with the contract that Jane had signed, rode over to Chez Nous, Blackup's enormous new red-brick house built on the site of the old flint stables that had been Peregrine's father's.

The Bentley stood outside. Jane opened the door, and flushed uneasily when she saw who it was.

Blackup stood in the hall, being brushed down by his wife, his letters in his hand.

"Eh, lad, what dost tha want? Ah've no time for thee now. I've got to go to London."

"London can wait. You've been enticing my maid."

Blackup laughed noisily.

"Eh. That's a good 'un, that is. Did ye 'ear that, lass? Boot's on t' oother leg. Looks to me as it's thou as 'as done th' enticin'. Whose maid is she, thine or mine? Ask 'er thysen."

Peregrine walked up to Jane.

"Has he frightened you into writing this?" he said, waving the letter in front of her.

Blackup roared.

"Eh, lad, there's a limit to what a man can say. Ah'll hae th' law on thee for that, damned if I won't. Get out o' my 'ouse, and get out quick. Thou'll 'ear from t' solicitors soon enough, and ah'll jail thee for this if it cost me all t' brass i' England."

Peregrine's lawyer was, as all lawyers very naturally are, optimistic. He saw quite a lot of money coming his way.

"They haven't a leg to stand on," he said. "As clear a case as ever I handled. You'll get huge costs out of this."

But the villagers were impatient of the law's delays.

Widely differing versions of the incident got round in a single day; and sides were taken immediately and implacably.

The enticement of Jane Shaw grew within a week to attempts on her honour and her life by Peregrine and Blackup in turn.

It is difficult to disentangle the correct sequence of events.

When Peregrine had his cheek cut open by a stone as he cycled up the new road to the Downs, the Green-dwellers claimed it as wanton assault, the new Colonials as a stray shot by a child of four.

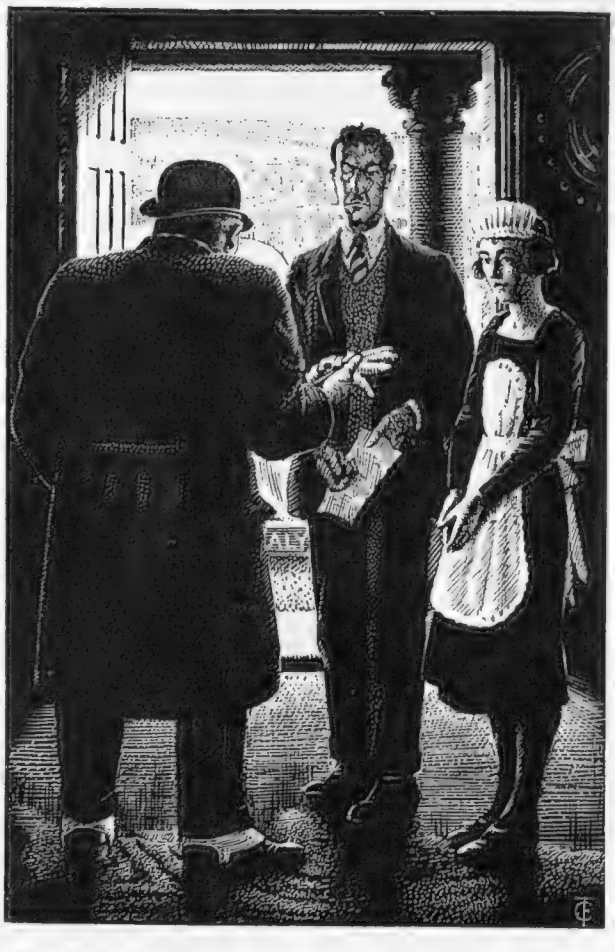
When a cricket-ball shattered the windscreen of Blackup's car on its way round the Green, his supporters suggested that it was not hit from the game then in progress, but thrown by an onlooker.

Then, one Saturday night, a half-drunk Blackup Supporter strayed by accident into the bar of the Lord Nelson on the Green.

For some days his life hung by a thread.

Then gangs of boys and girls in the school were formed, and lay in wait to ambush individual

(Concluded on page vi)



"Who's maid is she, thine or mine?"

Coronation Debutantes

Vandyk

The Hon. Rosemary Lever

Rosemary Lever is the younger daughter of Lord Leverhulme and Mrs. Selden Long; her mother is giving a dance for her on May 25th at 55, Princes Gate (lent by Lady Newnes). Her only brother Philip, who came of age last year, recently announced his engagement to Miss Margaret Moon

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Thalia Shaw

Thalia Shaw is the second of the Hon. Alexander and Lady Mary Shaw's three daughters; her father is the only son of eighty-six-year-old Lord Craigmyle; her mother is Lord Inchcape's sister and will give a dance for Miss Shaw on April 27th at Claridge's. They live at Galashiels, and have a town house in Lowndes Square

Lenare

Miss Angela Akers-Douglas

Angela Akers-Douglas is Lt.-Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas' only daughter, and is having a dance on May 24th at Claridge's. Her father is the only brother of Lord Chilston, British Ambassador in Moscow since 1933; he and Mrs. Douglas live at Colebrooke Park, Tonbridge

Below: Helen Faudel-Phillips is Sir Lionel and Lady Faudel-Phillips' youngest daughter, is just eighteen and will have a dance in June. Her mother was Evelyn Gordon before her marriage to the third Baronet—she is a daughter of the late Lord Arthur Gordon by his first wife, and niece of the present Lord Huntly

Below: Doreen Synolda Tower Butler is Lord and Lady Dunboyne's eldest daughter; she takes her first and third names from her mother, who was Dora Tower before her marriage to the twenty-sixth Baron Dunboyne. Lady Dunboyne will present her and her younger sister, Maureen, at the same time

Below: Constance Stanley is Col. the Hon. Algernon Stanley and Lady Mary Stanley's only daughter; through her father she is Lord Derby's niece, through her mother (who was Viscountess Crichton before her second marriage) she is half-sister to Lord Erne and Lady Hamilton, as well as the Duke of Westminster's cousin

Kay Vaughan

Miss Helen Faudel-Phillips

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Synolda Butler

Hay Wrightson

Miss Constance Stanley

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Hard Times : By Alan Thomas

In his latest novel, *Very Heaven* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Richard Aldington says about all there is to say on the outlook and spirit of the younger generation and on the particular kind of hell in which it finds itself to-day. No issues are shirked: no words are minced. With a harsh, rending sound he tears the veil aside, revealing the humbug, folly, and wickedness to which our world is now exposed. My main criticism is that the scales are a little heavily weighted against the older generation. After all, there *are* people over forty to-day who can talk to the young in their own language, and there *are* war veterans who are not for ever babbling of battlefields and dismissing modern youth as gutless. The case, however, calls less for sympathy than help. And the only help the world seems to offer to its children to-day is an outworn economic system and a race in armaments. This at all events is the world that young Chris Heylin has to face. For "financial reasons" he is called home from the University. His parents, having successfully palmed their daughter off on a rich baronet (with consequences as unforeseen as they are horrible), tried to plant Chris on a rich but elderly platinum blonde. Having lost first his innocence and then his temper, he is driven to taking a room in Soho and a futile job with a preposterous pre-war plutocrat named Ripplesmere. No sooner is he dismissed from this flat and unprofitable post than fresh troubles fall upon him, until the only comfort left him is Martha, whom he loves and lives with and with whom he can at least be honest. A journey to Spain with his old University tutor, who gives him some unsympathetic advice and his fare home, brings Chris to the edge of the precipice. "I have failed," he says, "in all I have attempted." Why go on? But Life is still a point or two up on Death, and the book ends with Chris declaring that he will "try once more."

Mr. Aldington's style is forthright and at times ferocious—never more so than when he is showing up "the prejudices of yesterday and the petty necessities of to-day." This is a book in which there is no sham and very little reticence. It is a fine, stimulating piece of work, but it does not make for comfortable reading. As my colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, might observe: "*Very Heaven*—huh!"

Richard Aldington

Mr. Aldington's new bitter comment on the world as he sees it is a novel called "Very Heaven" reviewed here this week. The photograph is an old one; Mr. Aldington won't have a new one taken

If catastrophe overtakes this generation, no one can say that we have not been warned. Nearly every book I read contains some reference to the impending doom. Here is the latest from Mr. Webb Miller's *I Found No Peace* (Gollancz; 12*s.* 6*d.*). Before I quote it I ought to explain that Mr. Miller for nearly twenty-four years has been a foreign correspondent for the American Press; he has, in his own words, "had a grand-stand seat at the most momentous show in history," and has "made friends with Presidents, Premiers, Dictators, generals, soldiers, common workers, murderers, thieves, pimps, panders, and prostitutes." So, you may say, he has been well placed for judging the trend of world affairs. Not that he boasts of his knowledge; he admits that in his experience "the only way to retain a firm, clear-cut opinion about anything is to know little or nothing about it." At the same time—and here is the reference I spoke of—"the only thing in the European situation that I feel absolutely certain about in my own mind is that another great war cannot be avoided." This is the grim conclusion to which he comes after telling us the story of his varied and at times amazing experiences. Some of the earlier parts of the book covering the wartime and immediate post-war period, are a trifle *vieux jeu*. But the chapters on his visit to India "to cover the salt march," on his talks with Gandhi, and on his service as war correspondent on the Italian front during the Italo-Abyssinian war, are of more than passing interest.

Another book on the doom is Liddell Hart's *Europe in Arms* (Faber and Faber; 12*s.* 6*d.*), a masterly survey of the armed forces of Europe, of the problems they present and of the measures necessary mainly from the British point of view to meet those problems. In the final section of the book, entitled Forecasts, the author discusses, among other things, the question: Would Another War End Civilisation? "Military wisdom now lies, not in amassing armies, but in diminishing national vulnerability" and in "inoculating the system against susceptibility to chaos." Most military-minded peoples have failed to grasp this truth if they had, they would not now be retaining vast conscript armies which must inevitably hamper the power of adaptability and therefore increase susceptibility to chaos. And herein lies some comfort. For "there is reasonable hope that another war may produce the collapse of the attack before the collapse of civilisation." In other words, the world may yet be saved—by the stupidity of those who would ruin it!

"Royals Free," Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt's new novel (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*), reminded me frequently of those spanking fine yarns of the sea on which the youth of my generation used to gorge their young minds. All the usual ingredients are there. We have the typical hero, Jimmy Crowther, who, true to form, runs away to sea as cook's boy in a sailing-ship. He is simple, strong, full of courage, never happy ashore, and loves ships better than women. But even ships take a second place when he meets a lovely half-caste Malayan girl. It is she whom he eventually marries, settling down to trade in pearls and copra among the coral islands. But, its schoolboy theme notwithstanding, Mrs. Mordaunt has written a first-class adventure story, full of movement and colour, which all old boys will vastly appreciate.

The characterisation inclines sometimes to be typical rather than subtle, and once or twice the long arm is wrenched almost out of its socket. But of sea and ships Mrs. Mordaunt writes always with vitality and often with beauty.

Those with a taste for Mr. Peter Arno's drawings will be glad to know of his latest collection called *For Members Only* (Bodley Head; 10*s.* 6*d.*). The satire is as pungent and the draughtsmanship as comic as ever. Arno takes off our foibles and exposes our fundamental weaknesses, touching us very often on the raw. As Paul Nash has said: "No place or condition is sacred." After perusing *For Members Only*, you will see what he means.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

Their Majesties King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth will hold two Courts early in May, and Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are creating beautiful frocks for those to be presented. The model above is designed for a young debutante and is exceptionally lovely carried out in white net, lavishly embroidered with silver beads and "swirls" of diamanté. It is cut on slender lines with layers of tulle flaring from the knees, while the train which falls from the shoulders is in silver ripple lamé edged with fine ruching. Though white and very pale pink are favourite shades for the young, soft cyclamen and orchid tints are often more becoming to the older woman. In either case, however, the beauty of both material and colour is considerably enhanced by rich embroidery which sparkles with rainbow lights as the wearer moves

Going Abroad

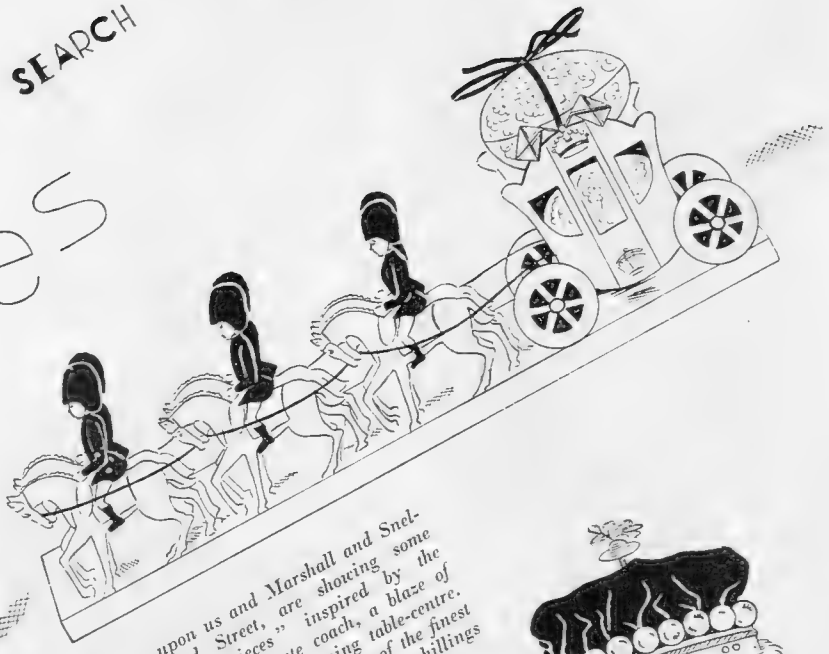
When March comes in like a lion it goes out like a lamb, or so they say, but in any case Spring is here and hats are in the news. Paper Panama is a delightful straw for home and abroad, as it is light, hard-wearing, and very becoming. It is used for the trio on this page, which comes from Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street. Simple lines distinguish the model on the left with pointed crown and adaptable brim. It is trimmed with rolls of suède and a chromium buckle, while the "pork-pie" hat below can be worn in all sorts of ways and only costs two guineas. The petersham band clips on and is interchangeable with other colours

A sloping crown and shaped petersham band with a stiffened loop lend individuality to the hat on the left, which would look charming with a linen suit or pastel tweeds. It has a drooping brim which may be turned up or down at the back, and costs three guineas. Henry Heath, by the way, specialise in ultra-smart town hats as well as country felts for which they are known all the world over. They will also copy any model to order

Photographs by Alexander

TWINS IN SEARCH OF Novelties

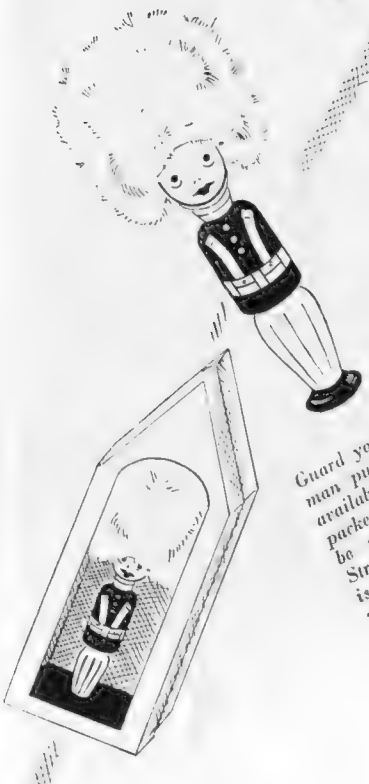
discovered by post pictured by post THE BYSTANDER



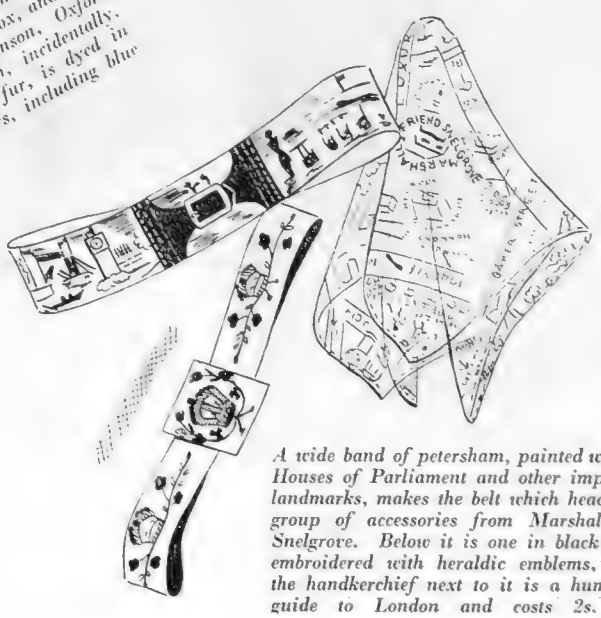
Easter is upon us and Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are showing some delightful "set-pieces," inspired by the Coronation. This State coach, a blaze of gold, would make a charming table-centre. It is loaded with chocolate eggs of the finest quality and only costs six shillings

A new and exquisite perfume called "Les Trois Couleurs," has been created by Coty, 2, New Bond Street, exclusively for the Coronation season. Only a limited number of these artistic souvenirs is available, and they cost 18s. 6d. packed in a gaily coloured box decked with flags

The difficulty of holding a coronet firmly in position is one which is confronting many peeresses. Sketched above is Dickins and Jones', Regent Street, solution to the problem. A narrow cord elastic is attached to either side of the coronet, which is held to the head by the right hand while the left hand passes the elastic over and under the back curls, thereby completely hiding it



Guard your powder with this Guardsman puff in soft swansdown. It is available in three sizes from 2s. 11d., packed in a gold sentry-box, and may be seen at Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. The puff which, incidentally, is also obtainable in fur, is dyed in various artistic colours, including blue



A wide band of petersham, painted with the Houses of Parliament and other important landmarks, makes the belt which heads this group of accessories from Marshall and Snelgrove. Below it is one in black suède embroidered with heraldic emblems, while the handkerchief next to it is a humorous guide to London and costs 2s. 11d.

Golf Clubs at Home:

Leamington and County

The Leamington and County Golf Club, opened in 1908, is situated at Whitnash within view of the historic Edge Hill. It boasts a comfortable, half-timbered club house and a course laid out over rolling downs with little obstruction, offering big-size golf with skilful and natural-looking hazards. The total length is something over six thousand yards

A. E. Elliott (steward) and T. Walton professional)

H. Trepess, Stanley Wood and Guy Nelson

Lt.-Col. W. A. Roberts (secretary) and Arthur Butterworth (captain)

H. C. F. Fillmore and D. H. Brown (vice-president)

W. J. Tilly, N. C. Adams, C. H. Palmer (ex-captain), G. Curle (committee), L. W. Lucas and Major H. B. Bird

W. Howard Wiseman (ex-captain) and Dr. E. Gordon Dingley

A. A. Pollock and Dr. Gibbons Ward (committee members)

W. W. Brown

Dr. J. D. Wardropp

R. Steuart Fellowes

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A New Golf and Country Club in Sussex

A NEW golf club will be opened on April 10th, when an exhibition match will take place in which Alfred Padgham and Henry Cotton will play a four-ball match against R. A. Whitcombe and James Adams. It will be known as the Goring Hall Golf Club, and is situated on the Ham Manor Estate, near Angmering, on the Sussex coast. The golf courses have been designed by H. S. Colt; an eighteen-hole course, and a supplementary nine-hole course have been constructed. Colt has designed the courses in three loops of nine holes each, all starting and finishing at the club house, consequently, however many players wish to be accommodated there should not be any long waits before starting from one of the three tees close to the club house.

THE golf courses have been constructed with the view of assisting the development of the Ham Manor Estate, which is being undertaken by the Hesketh Estates, Ltd. There are many fine building sites to be procured, both in the middle of the courses and on the land surrounding them. The importance of constructing golf courses to assist the development of estates has been demonstrated fully at St. George's Hill and Wentworth.

The Club House itself is charming, and will provide a most delightful country club for those who reside on the estate. The house is surrounded by beautiful gardens, with a large number of flowering trees and shrubs, many of which are unknown in this country and were imported by the late owner from New Zealand. From the club house, lovely views of the gardens and the golf courses can be obtained. The club is a few miles from Worthing, from where there is a most excellent train service to London. It certainly appears that the Hesketh Estates, Ltd., have found a most delightful and also most convenient spot on which to develop a high-class building estate.

The secretary of the club is R. V. Michell, who used to be secretary of the Romford G.C., and application for tickets (price 2s. 6d.) for the opening ceremony and the exhibition match should be made to him at Goring Hall Golf Club, Ham Manor, Angmering. The first captain of the Club will be my predecessor, Captain F. G. L. Fairlie, the famous film scenario writer, who had a house during the summer close to the club.

THE day this issue of the BYSTANDER appears the foursomes in the Varsity match will have been played, and from the results of them we should have some idea of what the final result will be. In December last year I warned my readers not to think that the match would be a walk-over for Cambridge, although this opinion was held by nearly all those who had played against both teams.

As I write, the Cambridge players have not recovered from their visits to Cotton, but they are rapidly doing so, still, there is not the slightest doubt that, at the present time they are not as good a team as they were last term. I do not wish you to imagine that I am in any way criticising Cotton's coaching. There are few people who have studied the game and worked at it harder than he has; he is by no manner of means a natural hitter of the golf ball, and yet by continual practice and experiments he has made himself the most accurate striker, bar the short game, of those playing first-class golf at the present time.

FOR natural golfers to change their methods a few weeks before their most important match of the year appears to me foolhardy, and there is no doubt the Cambridge team has gone back, and that the Oxford team has made very considerable improvement. I cannot believe that a natural golfer like J. W. D. Goodban would have suffered defeats by nine and seven and seven and six on two consecutive Saturdays if he had not had a course of instruction.

Instruction and coaching cannot do anything but good to the young players of all games, but good results are unlikely to be obtained by altering the methods of good natural players, even if they are unorthodox. I know of one man, who bowled with the wrong foot forward, and yet he was a good enough bowler to play for a first-class county, which I am sure he would never have done if a coach had insisted on his bowling in the usual way.

With young golfers, I am sure, the best procedure is to develop their natural methods, even if they are unsound, and not to try to entirely alter their styles or to tell them to copy Bobby Jones or Lady Heathcoat-Amory, because even if they try their hardest, they will not be able to do so. The only time I have seen Lady Heathcoat-Amory play not quite perfectly was during a period when she was trying to copy Bobby Jones.

NOW that we have started what appears likely to be the most momentous season in the history of the game of golf (besides the usual events there will be numerous Coronation golf meetings), I should like to see the selectors of our next Walker Cup Team selected immediately. If this is done, they will have a very great advantage over their predecessors as they will have this year and a part of next year to see and study the form of candidates, instead of a few weeks as formerly.

I have always held the opinion that the selection of teams is a one-man job, but as I am certain the Royal and Ancient Golf Club will insist on having a committee of at least three members, I hope one of them will be a young man. I am continually told that one man will not take the responsibility of selecting our Walker Cup team. Why a man should be willing to select a team with two others but not by himself, I fail to see.

Yesterday's and To-day's Opponents at Prince's, Sandwich

Oxford: *F. D. Physick (Corpus), J. B. Webb (Hertford), C. Walker (Corpus), C. O. I. Ramsden (New College), R. C. Twining (Christ Church), I. N. Earle (Univ.), C. F. Grieve (Christ Church), W. I. E. Thorburn (Trinity), K. B. Scott (Trinity), N. S. Mitchell Innes (B.N.C., captain), K. N. Fisher (Magdalen), J. C. Lawrie (B.N.C.)*

Cambridge: *G. Morton (St. John's), R. O. Booth (Pembroke), J. B. Ellis (St. Catharine's), S. Dalley (Emmanuel), G. H. Dixon (Magdalene), R. Boulter (Clare), T. R. Macgregor (Clare), J. D. A. Langley (Trinity), G. G. D. Carter (Trinity), P. B. Lucas (Pembroke, captain), J. W. Goodban (Christ's), T. S. Winton (Downing)*

The London Foursomes

By Eleanor E. Helme

Dear Bystander—

"Gosh!" says she, regardless of pure English, the dignity of the Press, or a reputation for being pretty impervious to weather; "What a day!" London Foursomes have never been too lucky, but this time it rained most of the day, blew all of it, was so cold that you could hardly hold your club, and so slippery that your feet were quite liable to skid from under you at the most important moment, and that run was non-existent.

It speaks wonders for Moor Park that play was possible at all, and except for one or two of the lowest holes, and a sticky hollow here and there, the High Course came out of the first day with flying colours. What it may do on the remaining ones cannot be told here, Press day intervening. Attempts to keep warm and dry brought out a varied assortment of headgear (or wear): Mrs. Greenlees had a most engaging blue woollen cap and scarf in one, and looked quite ready to struggle with the drifts which she had only just escaped in Ayrshire by leaving early before her home was hedge-high in snow. Swiss garments were to be seen on a good many players; Swiss disabilities, in the matter of breaks and dislocations, kept a certain number away, but only four out of forty-four clubs scratched, which was pretty good, seeing the weather.

Under the circumstances, right down bad golf would have had to be excused, but actually the standard seemed to me quite fair, and some of it very good, for nobody has been playing, and some of them have been doing all sorts of other violent things. Miss Bridget Newell, for instance, has been winter-sporting, and not content with that, taken up squash; the Bartons became extremely keen on lawn tennis when they were in India.

There was nearly one major excitement in the morning, when Oxhey, represented by Mrs. Vernor Miles and Mrs. Gilbertson, were several up on Addington, well represented by Mrs. Garon and Mrs. John Beck. To watch Mrs. Garon miss an approach is like seeing Golden Miller refuse at a simple fence; you wonder what on earth can have gone wrong. But she did miss them, more than once, and if it had not been for the noble way Mrs. Beck coped with the situation, the side must have been dead and buried. Two down and four to go they were, but then Oxhey were a little kind, and so were the fates to a dreadful topped approach of Mrs. Garon's at the sixteenth. Whereupon, at the seventeenth, she played a good recovery shot from the remains of a tree trunk, and then at last a beautiful pitch, so that Addington got up for the first time at the eighteenth. After that escape they went better, and there was expectation of a semi-final between them and Royal Mid-Surrey.

R.M.-S. had the two Miss Bartons; also a bye, which was no small boon in the cold and rain. They also had two very courageous opponents in Mrs. Gilligan and Mrs. Hicks, representing Roehampton, so that with Miss Pam Barton failing to put a good many iron seconds home, the match was square after six holes played, and there were six consecutive halves from the turn onwards, the Misses Bartons only winning 3 and 2. Miss Mervyn may take much of the credit: actually she missed fewer shots than her sister, and hit quite as many first-class ones, giving, as always, the impression of a very good player indeed.

Camberley Heath, with Miss Gourlay and Miss Palmes, played well, and the holders, Wentworth, though without Miss Diana Fishwick, had a good couple with Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Carbutt. They had an afternoon fright, for after being four up and five to go on Mrs. Alec Gold and Miss Jean Burles (Beaconsfield), they lost them all in a row, and only won on the last green. Banstead had to go all the way to beat Calcot, but only one match struggled up to the nineteenth, and that was a brave win for Sunningdale, who had been one down and one to play to Porters Park.

Entry Form for One-Day
SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES
is on page vi
Play at Wentworth, May 3rd

But best of all the pairs, judged by the first day, were Worplesdon, for whom Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Bridget Newell played really great golf. It was not very far removed from approximate fours for the thirteen holes of their afternoon match, and all day it was long and strong, with some excellent pitching.

Writing of Miss Newell, whose name has so very often decorated Bystander cups, reminds me that One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes entries open this week. April 23rd, when they close, sounds sufficiently remote, but time flies, Wentworth is so popular, and one hundred couples is not really very many. So enter now is a wise motto.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

Ladies' London Foursomes at Moor Park

Mrs. Walker (Thorndon Park) and Miss N. Gibbons (Sonning) were opponents in the second round, with Mrs. Quartanos and Mrs. H. J. Adams as their respective partners

Mrs. John Beck and Mrs. Garon, the latter playing only her fourth round of golf during the winter when the tournament opened, represented Addington, last year's runners-up

Mrs. George Carbutt (left) took Miss Diana Fishwick's place as Mrs. John Gage's partner in the Wentworth pair, last year's winners

An off-the-shoulder neckline and full sweeping skirt emphasize the glamour of Maggy Rouff's 'flower-garden' printed chintz evening gown. From the "Junior Miss" Gown Salon; copied in a variety of delightful patterns 7½ Gns.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

Below: Mrs. George Malcolm and Mrs. Victor Malcolm are sisters-in-law (daughters-in-law of Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch) and went racing together. Ann Todd (Mrs. Victor Malcolm) is going to co-star with Clive Brook in a film of Mary Borden's "Action for Slander"

Mrs. Smith-Dorrien manages to be a regular as well as a "shop-girl." She was photographed on the Saturday at Sandown

Miss Pamela Grant-Sturgis is with the Hon. Mrs. Robert Watson, Lord Manton's sister-in-law. She is engaged to Mr. Sandy Cameron, and they are being married next Wednesday; she is Sir Mark and Lady Grant-Sturgis's daughter

Sandown

The Popular

Grand Military

Right: Mrs. Robert Fanshawe was there to watch her husband ride his Cardinal in the Gold Cup. She was Viola Ismay; her husband is in the 16th-5th

Mrs. Anthony Stocker

Miss Burrell and Lord Lovat

Mrs. Edward Mann, Mrs. David Heneage

L62.

remember
those agonizing
few
minutes before
your first
solo
flight ? . . .

and how
you
instinctively
lit
a
cigarette ? . . .

and how
you
blessed that cigarette
for the way
it
helped you
to
pull yourself
together ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Results of Postponement

NEVER did I welcome a telephone call more than the one which told me that the match between Ireland and Wales at Belfast had been cancelled. I felt like a man reprieved; but the journey is still before me, and on Saturday week we cross the Irish Sea.

This should be an interesting match, despite our fears of Arctic conditions—the weather always seems to treat us rough in Ireland. It will be extremely hard luck, though, on Tommy Stone if the postponement means that he will lose his place in the Welsh side. In the three-weeks' interval, V. G. J. Jenkins may well recover from his injury, and Stone will once more be relegated to the reserves.

STONE must surely be one of the best players who never got a cap. For some reason his stock has not been high in Wales, though whenever he plays in London or anywhere outside his own country, he looks like a miniature Bancroft, with his beautiful sense of position and his quickness and his love of luring forwards on and tiring them before he puts in a long kick to touch.

Stone is a veteran now, and this must be about his last chance of playing for Wales, which makes the postponement all the more unfortunate from his point of view. Wales will welcome it, I daresay, for Claude Davey was also on the injured list, and he may be fit by April 3rd.

CERTAINLY the Welshmen will need their full strength if they are to hold a very lively Irish side, though I do find it hard to understand why the Irish selectors have dropped grand forwards like Graves and Deering. Apparently they were dissatisfied with the work of the second row; but Deering particularly is a glorious player, and one of the hardest workers in the Irish pack. It will seem strange to watch Ireland in action without that bald head of his appearing wherever the fight is thickest—there never was a forward who seemed to enjoy the rough stuff more than Deering.

Birkenhead Park Beat Rosslyn Park

The match was at the Old Deer Park and ended a run of success for the home team; they were beaten by a goal and three tries (14) to a goal and a try (8). Both scrums were lively, particularly in the loose, but it was Birkenhead Park's clever handling that won them the game. R. B. Skinner (Rosslyn Park) is being tackled by G. D. Wilson in the picture

TALKING of bald-headed forwards, they are very pleased down Gloucester way that A. D. Carpenter, that remarkable veteran, has been invited to go on tour at Easter with the Barbarians.

This is a very pleasant tribute to Carpenter, and a richly deserved one, for he is still as useful as any front-row forward playing in England to-day. How old he is I do not know; but he has a son playing for Cinderford, and he has represented Gloucestershire fifty-two times in the county championship, including five county final matches.

(Concluded on page 500)

This England . . .

Winkworth, Surrey

". . . the Daffodil, that comes before the swallow dares, and braves the winds of March with beauty." Ahead lies open weather and the lovely garden that is this England is astir with nascent colour. Bird music swells in copse and brake, and the first wind-borne perfumes fill the heart with memories of childhood. Long days in the open there will be, and wet feet, and the rich languor of physical fatigue . . . to be rounded off with draughts of clear golden Worthington, making all safe within the body to greet in happiness another day.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Howard Marshall on Rugger (*Continued from page 498*)

I watched him the other day, when Gloucestershire beat the East Midlands, and he got through a prodigious amount of work, quite apart from the fact that his hooking was so expert that the Midlands hardly ever smelt the ball.

Carpenter used to walk miles every Saturday in order to be able to play for Gloucester; and it is good to think that he is ending a memorable season with the Barbarians.

THESE Gloucestershire forwards, by the way, are rare worriers; and the way they set about the illustrious East Midlands' pack was most stimulating for those of us who are depressed by the standard of modern forward play.

They reminded us of the old adage that the really good forward is a man who is never more than a yard away from the ball. It was extraordinary how, as a pack, they followed and swarmed over their opponents. Their concentrated drive and energy and all-round scrummaging skill won the match for Gloucestershire.

I was only sorry that their back-row forwards resorted to the trick of swinging outwards to impede the Midlands' scrum-half as he came round. This is an unpleasant and infuriating form of obstruction, unworthy of so fine a pack. It may be, of course, that the forwards responsible were unaware that their tactics were both illegal and unsporting, for I have often seen references to the fact that a back-row player should "shield his scrum-half." This is completely unjustified, and such shielding is obstruction of the worst kind, though it is too prevalent in the game to-day.

PERHAPS it is a pity, though, to dwell on such unhappy incidents at this stage in the season. After all, Rugby football now draws quietly to a close. It is true that for the whole of April the clubs are hard at it, and some fine matches there are to be decided, with the seven-a-side tournament at Twickenham as a grand finale.

After next Saturday, for all that, the big stuff will be finished and we shall be able to sit back and sum-up the year's work. I think myself, that it has been a peculiarly interesting and, in many ways, encouraging season. International football, after a poor start, has given us some fine matches, and, most important of all, both players and authorities have begun to realise that something must be done to preserve the traditional form of the game.

I don't set much stock by the proposed emendations of the law; but I do think that next year the agitations and controversies which have perplexed us this winter will bear the best kind of fruit.

"Put It Down!"

This typical scene from the life of a forward was taken from the match at Richmond in which the Portsmouth United Services were badly outplayed by London Scottish, who beat them by two goals and five tries (25) to a try (3)

SHELL

is not

what it was

AND NEVER WILL BE

CARS ARE CHANGING, and petrol (if it is to remain a best-seller like Shell) has to change too. This change is mainly a trend towards higher compression ratios, which means that petrol nowadays has to work under more severe conditions.

With ordinary petrol this extra pressure in the cylinders creates "pinking." "Pinking" is caused by the petrol vapour exploding in too great a hurry and results in waste of power and overheating. Shell, however, has overcome this problem by a process called "re-forming" which rearranges the molecular structure of the petrol.

What happens is that the atoms of hydrogen and carbon, which in ordinary petrol can take the form of long chains, are "re-formed" into stable groupings. In this compact formation they are not susceptible to detonation and they combine regularly and evenly (instead of spasmodically) with the molecules of oxygen supplied by the air from the carburettor; thus combustion is controlled and "pinking" prevented.

This is one example of the changes which Shell is constantly making to adapt its petrol to suit the the modern car.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

The New CORD

Beauty seeks endlessly new horizons—and looks into the future for the inspiration of to-day. The new Cord is of to-morrow, with the beauty of power and the grace of speed in its free flowing lines. And deeper there lurks the dazzling fleetness and inherent safety that the wisdom of youth demands in a fine car.

Saloons, Convertible Coupés, Phaetons and the new Berline with driving partition. All models have radio fitted as standard. Full range of *supercharged* models now available also.

Sole Concessionnaires:
AUBURN
CORD
DUESENBERG

Trotting the Globe by Air

By Charles Ward

A World Flight

THE first ticket for a flight round the world has been sold to an American for 2308 dollars, and on April 21st, according to schedule, he will be able to start on an historic journey. Pan-American Airways are extending their trans-Pacific service to Hong-Kong on that date, thereby effecting a link with Imperial Airways to Europe, after which the Atlantic must be crossed by Zeppelin, as there is no aeroplane service that carries paying passengers. American plans for extensions to Australia and New Zealand are still pending. At the Imperial Conference this year, it will be necessary to discuss how far facilities are to be granted to foreign air lines to serve the Empire. The question has already arisen in Australia, to which country the Dutch wish to extend their Batavia line, thus giving direct service with Europe other than to England. As we use Dutch territory and aids to safe flying through the East Indies, it is only natural that such advantages should be reciprocal. Foreign ships are not barred from Empire ports and, therefore, an era of freer "trade" by air is in sight, if the precedents established at sea are to be followed in the air. So far, we seem the only country likely to have a service completely round the world with our own aircraft, but it is a good many years away.

Sign-Posts for Aviation

WITH British Railways so intimately concerned with the progress of flying through their own company, Railway Air Services, it is somewhat surprising that more has not been done in the matter of sign-posting stations, so that their names are visible from the air. A few spasmodic attempts have been made to assist pilots in this way, and there are several gas-holders and oil tanks so marked, but in general the idea has not caught on. A pilot who is really lost has to come down to the level of the tree-tops to read the name of a station and it isn't good practice to encourage such low flying. Of course, we know pilots shouldn't get lost, but that they will continue to do so on occasions is certain. In South Africa, the Railways have given a lead. Every station and siding is to carry an air-sign, consisting of its name, in letters large enough to be read from 5000 feet.

Jack and his sister Maima, son and daughter of Baron Profumo, K.C., are keen pilots and own the Gipsy Moth "KI." They fly from Leamington, owned by Major Bonniksen, who is seen in the centre

Personalities in the Air

FOR the first time the Governor-General of Canada is to make a tour of the Dominion by air. Except from east to west, it is the logical method of travel nowadays, linking the Arctic Circle and Alaska with the prairies, British Columbia and big cities of the East. An interesting note in Sir Philip

(Concluded on page iv)

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Trotting the Globe by Air

(Continued from page ii)

Sassoon's speech last week was to the effect that more than 100 young men had come from Canada on their own initiative to join the R.A.F. as pilots. This is reminiscent of the rush from that Dominion during 1914 and 1915, when a very large number of Canadians joined the R.F.C. The new Governor of Kenya, Sir Robert Brook-Popham, recently Inspector-General of the R.A.F., is taking up his appointment by a sea trip, which is a holiday and a tour of inspection en route at the same time. Sir Robert was one of the senior officers at the Air Ministry who always flew whenever possible, and he will no doubt make good use of the air lines in East Africa during his term of office. Colonel Lindbergh is out East, and Mr. Plesman, of the Royal Dutch Air Lines, has been in New York, both interested in the link between the K.L.M. line to Batavia and the Pan-American service to Manila and Hong Kong. Captain Rex Stocken has been appointed to the Air Registration Board as "a person who has had not less than five years' professional experience as a pilot of civil aircraft"; a popular move, which should be capped by the appointment of a ground engineer of similar standing. Safety in the air depends very much on the skill and experience of the man who works in the hangar. It is his certificate which declares the aircraft fit for the day.

At Davos—on the left "Sonny" Wallace-Barr, head of "Cellon," the well-known dope firm, with Comdr. N. D. Holbrook, V.C., R.N.

For Leisure and Pleasure

Books published about aviation are rapidly becoming too numerous to read. It is only on occasions that one finds a volume worth putting by for reference or for browsing through at leisure. The *Air Annual* for 1937 (Pitmans, at 21s.) is in the former category. It is an authoritative work of several years standing, started and still edited by Sq. Ldr. C. G. Burge, whose knowledge of the progress of flying is encyclopædic. It deals with the British Empire only, and there is a supplement published in French, Spanish and German for the benefit of students and business men abroad. For those who are concerned with aviation as a science or a job, this is the book of words giving most general information on what has happened in the previous year. It is both technical and economic, with handy references throughout. Illustrations are excellent as usual. It is more difficult to recommend a book for pleasure, because more are published with the idea that flying is an amusing or absorbing topic, easy to handle by anyone who has made a solo with the aid of a Moth or flown to Paris by Imperial Airways, than are written with any real experience of the subject. Most of the people who fly find it difficult to express their feelings, which is probably a good thing. In *Airman Friday* (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), "Bill" Courtenay has ranged through the last twenty years of aviation and expressed himself well. As a pilot, he understands the publicity values of flying, and has described some of the great events in the air since the War with an inside knowledge only to be gained by those who are intimately associated with the personalities making pioneer flights and records. Here are studies of Cobham, Mollison, his wife Amy Johnson, Stack, Hillman, Campbell Black, from one who has helped them behind the scenes. I enjoyed *Airman Friday* because it is written by a journalist who knows his stuff. If you want the low-down on aviation for your son, get "The Pylon" from the de H. School, Hatfield, written by the boys for the boys.

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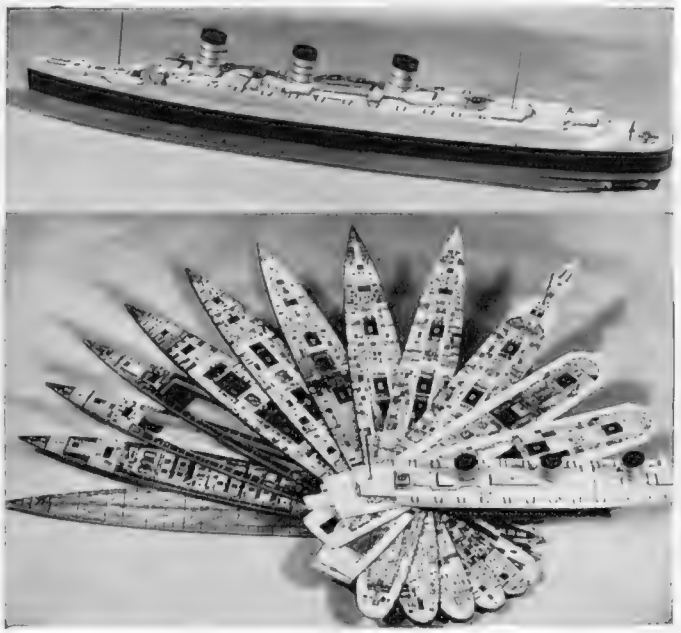

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CLEAN AND SMOOTH TO THE PALATE

In Search of a Maid (Continued from page 486)

members of the other side with such effect that the school had to be closed, on account, so it was given out, of whooping cough.

After that the village all came out, as the saying goes, in its true colours.

The new colony flaunted the red-and-black of the football team which was composed solely of Blackup's employees, while the ancient part of the village, down by the harbour and round the Green, wore the green-and-yellow of the cricket eleven, none of whom lived in a Blackup house or worked for him.

Flags began to appear in the windows of certain houses, and night raids were made on these houses, windows smashed, flags taken as trophies, and hung out by the enemy under their own flags.

Newspaper editors, scenting a good story, sent down reporters and photographers.

The first man caught taking photographs was thrown into the lock, and his camera after him.

All strangers after that were suspected of searching for a story, and after the tarring and feathering of a deaf archæologist who wanted to see the Roman villa, visitors to Wick Buci were rare.

The green-and-yellow faction decoyed the rector away early on the morning of the Harvest Thanksgiving and kept him under lock and key for the whole day.

The black-and-reds in retaliation descended on the Green in the early hours of the morning of their great match against Portpool, and ploughed up the whole cricket pitch.

Peregrine and Blackup spent most of their waking hours either with lawyers or in the Courts.

The case was first won by Peregrine, taken by Blackup to the Court of Appeal, where the original judgment was upheld, and then taken to the House of Lords.

The issue now became political.

No one knew what the original quarrel had been about, but all England was sharply divided into two camps, the North being mainly black-and-red, and the South almost solid for the green-and-yellow.

Meanwhile the vendetta in the village was pursued with a quite unaccountable savagery.

It had become quite impossible for a black-and-red to bathe, or for a green-and-yellow to walk on the Downs.

ON the last day of a very arduous Session, the Home Secretary was asked a question in the House regarding the steps taken to quell the rioting in Wick Buci.

In a recent melée, a policeman, whose name was reported as Ajnaverian, was killed.

Was the Home Secretary aware that Ajnaverian was a pure Lulitarian name, and that the Police Force was supposed to be recruited from British subjects?

Might not the Lulitarian Government be justified in feeling a grievance?

The Home Secretary was very tired. The weather was exceptionally stuffy, and he was thinking of his proposed cruise in the Adriatic.

He had heard quite enough of Wick Buci. It had been on everybody's tongues for months. It had seldom been out of his thoughts.

Nobody quite knew what his exact words were, but the general impression gathered was that he said that he wished the whole of Wick Buci might be transported to Lulitaria.

The Lulitarian papers, who had long been waiting for this chance, blazed the insult across Europe.

Within three weeks war was declared.

Europe was once more alight.

Peregrine was among the first to fall in Lulitarian territory.

Blackup made munitions and an immense fortune.

Jane Shaw was making a reputation and a comfortable income on the films in Hollywood.

Wick Buci was bombed out of recognition.

And maids were harder to get than ever.

THE END

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32 - 34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

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The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1937)

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (13th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Monday, May 3rd, 1937.

Holders: MISS MERVYN BARTON and MISS PAM BARTON.

WENTWORTH NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 23rd, 1937.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (13th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Monday, May 3rd, 1937

Please enter

Mrs. / Miss ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / Miss ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / Miss ..... and *Mrs. / Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 23rd, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 26th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Fayer of Vienna

Leslie John Leathers and Stella Nash

Have announced their engagement and are to be married soon; he is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Leathers, of 3, Cleveland Row, S.W.1; she is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Nash, of Stoneydown, Sidcup, Kent

Sheila Brotherhood Lafayette

Whose engagement was recently announced to Cyril Eustace Douglas-Pennant, R.N., eldest son of Lt.-Col. F. Douglas-Pennant, of Sholebrooke Lodge, Towcester, is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brotherhood, of Thornhaugh Hall, Peterborough

Tunbridge

Eve Pemberton

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leigh Pemberton, of 22, Lancaster Road, Wimbledon; she is engaged to Guy Valentine Cartwright, the Duke of Wellington's Regt., elder son of Major and Mrs. H. Cartwright, of 20, Denmark Avenue, Wimbledon

Pat Sutton Catherine Bell

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Bulkeley Sutton, of Atkins Farm, Prestwood, Bucks., and is engaged to Clive Adam, only son of Flight-Lieut. A. J. and Mrs. Adam, of Hillingdon, Uxbridge

Bassano

Patricia Blackwood

Patricia Mary Helen Blackwood, only daughter of the late Colonel F. H. Blackwood, D.S.O., and Mrs. Blackwood, of Pier Mansions, Southsea, is engaged to Lieutenant R. C. P. Wainwright, R.N., only son of the late Paymaster-Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Wainwright, of Pendragon, Southsea

Lenare

Doreen Vigors

Is the only daughter of the late Captain P. V. Vigors and Mrs. Vigors, of Fernehill Heath, Worcester, and is engaged to James Edward Best, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. W. Best, of Sherridge Lodge, near Malvern

Ruth Elliott Lenare

Left: Ruth Elliott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Elliott, of Little Hill, Bromeswell, Woodbridge, is engaged to Flight-Lieut. Haliburton Hume Leech, youngest son of Dr. J. W. Leech, M.P., and Mrs. Leech, of Newcastle-on-Tyne

Northey — Turnor

Edward George Northey, 60th Rifles, eldest son of Major-Gen. Sir Edward and Lady Northey, of Woodcote House, Epsom, and Angela Rosemary Turnor, eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Turnor, Royal Horse Guards, and Mrs. Turnor, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Redmayne — D'Alton

At Brompton Oratory John Marriner Redmayne, eldest son of Sir Richard and Lady Redmayne, of The Grove, Great Baddow, Essex, married Audrey Mercedes D'Alton, youngest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Frank D'Alton, of 7, Lexham Gardens, W.8

Mitchell Innes — German

Charles Mitchell Innes, youngest son of the late A. H. Mitchell Innes and Mrs. Innes, of Whitehall, Chirnside, Berwickshire, and Elizabeth German, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. George German, of Ashfields, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, were married at Chelsea Old Church. Canon FitzHerbert officiated

Croft — Richards

Charles Ronald Murton Croft, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Croft, of 47, Lytton Grove, S.W.15, and Lucia Joan Richards, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richards, of Wimbledon and South America, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Pilcher — Blaker

John Giles Pilcher, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. W. Pilcher, of Englefield Green, Surrey, married Nancy Blaker at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; she is the elder daughter of the late Colonel W. F. Blaker and Mrs. Blaker, of Gaveston Place, Nuthurst, Sussex

Powell — Carey

William Perceval Powell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Powell, of Farm Corner, Huntingdon Road, Cambridge, and Diana Lorna Carey, second daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. E. Carey, of Watergate House, Bulford, Wilts., were married at Bulford

Pearl Freeman

Joan Grandage

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Grandage, of The Priory, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, and is engaged to Lieutenant George Grandage, R.N.R., second son of the late George Grandage and Mrs. Grandage

Lenare

Violet Gresley

Is the daughter of Sir Nigel and the late Mrs. Gresley, of Salisbury Hall, St. Albans, and recently announced her engagement to Geoffrey Edward Michael Godfrey, son of Sir Dan and the late Lady Godfrey, of Dannholme, Alumhurst Road, Bournemouth

Dennistoun — Court

John Dennistoun, late 14-20th Hussars, married Nancy Mary Court at Christ Church, Down Street. She is the daughter of the late Charles Kenward Court and Mrs. Court, of Old Mill House, Cricklade, Wiltshire

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 24 — March 30

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES (*Watch Dailies for Easter matinées*)

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Vivien Leigh and others in her brother's rectory; amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CANDIDA.—Ann Harding is a lovely, sympathetic Candida; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler and Stephen Haggard help her to get Shaw's richness across; a curtain-raiser gives Wendy Toye a chance she takes: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GREAT POSSESSIONS.—A first play by a young man about Buchmanites and undergraduates gives Geoffrey Keen an unpleasant part: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE.—Cecil Trouncer is good as Shotover; so is Mark Dignam as Mangan, in a production that gives a fair interpretation of Shaw: Westminster, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT ALONE.—Richard Bird is the making of this excellent little trifle: Daly's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROAD TO ROME.—A joyful journey without illusions on the part of James Mason's Hannibal or Aubrey Dexter or Ena Burrill as Romans: Savoy, 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Shakespeare continues at the New Theatre; Edith Evans as Katharina, Leslie Banks as Petrucchio, Arthur Sinclair as Sly: 8.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Another good production by the Vic company with Laurence Olivier as Belch, Ivy St. Helier, Jessica Tandy and Jill Esmond: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BIG BUSINESS.—Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore and Wylie Watson are singly and collectively equal to all or no situation—mostly the latter: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 90.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

STARS AND STRIPS.—First of Charlot's non-stop programmes at the Vaudeville, with Douglas Byng as star-in-chief: 6.20 and 9.

SWING ALONG.—Leslie Henson's musical swings along as the best of its kind in London should, with Louise Brownè, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in support: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson best of a good cast: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

THE VAGABOND KING.—Revival of this great romantic musical with Harry Welchman, Maria Elsner, George Graves: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

RETREAT FROM FOLLY.—Marie Tempest has only to be herself in a part that fits her like a glove, with a pleasant plot adorned by Antoinette Cellier and Paul Leyssac: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Doris Barry

Is one of the attractive soubrettes at the Windmill Theatre, pioneer of non-stop shows, where the 90th Revudeville is now due. Miss Barry is the sister of Alicia Markova

THE SQUEAKER.—Alastair Sim, Hartley Power, Henry Wenman lead a large cast in Edgar Wallace's rapid, effective murder story: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUSPECT.—Suspense of suspicion is held to the end by Mary Morris in a grim part, with well-groomed support from Stafford Hilliard, Campbell Gullan and David Horne: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WISE TO-MORROW.—Almost enthralling and almost witty, the plot gives Martita Hunt and Diana Churchill good chances, and Naunton Wayne some good lines Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

SWING IN THE AIR.—Flanagan and Allen continue alongside some American acts in Jack Hylton's production: Palladium, Easter Monday.

CINEMAS

CAMILLE (American).—A new style Garbo, radiant and tender still, opposite Robert Taylor in the film of *Dame aux Camélias*; good support from Lionel Barrymore and Henry Daniell: Empire.

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (British).—Flora Robson (as Queen Elizabeth), Leslie Banks, Raymond Massey, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier head the heavy cast that moves across a rich tapestry of Elizabethan England: Leicester Square.

FOR VALOUR (British).—Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn together again in a Ben Travers' story that is different—and gets away with it: New Gallery.

GOOD MORNING, BOYS! (British).—Will Hay and his pupilry are now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

HARVEST (Austrian).—Paula Wessely's latest is set in Hungary; a simple, charming story with Attila Hörbiger and Gina Falckenberg: Academy.

JOHN NEADE'S WOMAN (American).—Edward Arnold and Francine Larrymore (from the New York stage) in a strong drama of agriculture: Plaza.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout: Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

MAGNIFICENT BRUTE (American).—Victor McLaglen gets the title for his part supported by Binnie Barnes: Tivoli.

PAGLIACCI (British).—Richard Tauber leads in this operatic, partly technicolour film with Steffi Duna and Diana Napier in support: Carlton.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN (American).—Madge Evans is opposite Bing Crosby in his new film: Regal.

THE SEQUEL TO SECOND BUREAU (French).—But it has a new cast and new director, Renée Saint-Cyr and Jules Berry head the former, Léon Mathot is the latter; German v. French spy story: Curzon.

THREE SMART GIRLS (American).—Deanna Durbin, new fifteen-year-old star, Barbara Read and Nan Grey are the three with good support in a bewildering comedy: Gaumont.

THUNDER IN THE CITY.—Amusing lines and situations in a film whose satire misses fire; Edward G. Robinson, Nigel Bruce and Luli Deste: London Pavilion.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

BORIS GODOUNOV.—To-night, 24th, 7.45.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Thurs., 25th, 8.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION.—Sat., 27th, 8.

CARMEN.—Mon., 29th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LES SYLPHIDES, LES PATINEURS, FAÇADE.—Sat. 27th, 2.30.

COPPELIA, APPARITIONS.—Tues., 30th, 8.30.

MUSIC

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Wood conducts the Philharmonic choir and B.B.C. singers in excerpts from "Parsifal" Queen's Hall, Good Friday, 7.30.

THE MESSIAH.—Sargent conducts the Royal Choral Society and five soloists in Handel's oratorio: Albert Hall, Good Friday, 2.30.

SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS AND SPORT

OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE GOLF MATCH.—Second and last day at Princes, Sandwich, to-day, 24th.

LONDON VAN HORSE PARADE.—Worth seeing by lovers of the picturesque: Regent's Park, Easter Monday.

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.—Opens at Olympia on Tues., 30th.

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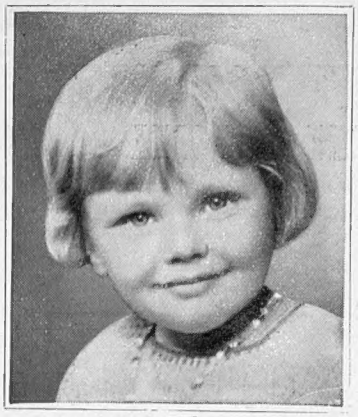

HAPPY CHILDHOOD

THE HAPPIEST DAYS of life are said to be those of childhood. For many children wanton cruelty and ignorant neglect bring only misery and tears. Will you not help the N.S.P.C.C. to ensure happy days for children by your Easter gift to Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2.

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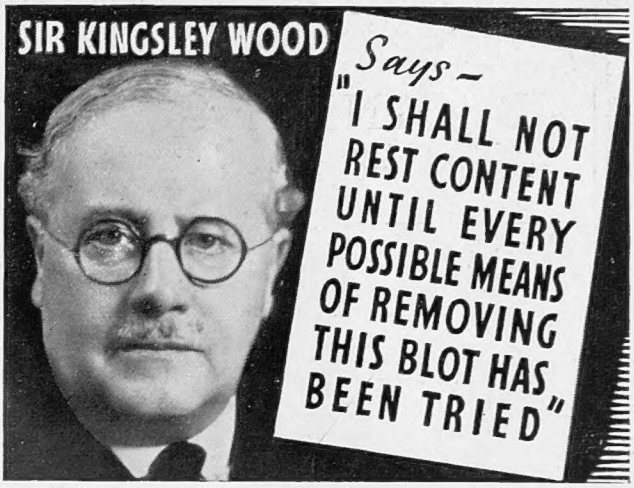
Two Deserving Charities

The Crusade Against Cancer—

"I REVERENCED the spirit that rises up and fights this unknown terror, fights it with the knife and with the test-tube and with the X-ray, and goes on fighting, goes on hoping," says H. V. Morton in *The Heart of London*. It is an extract from his essay on the Royal Cancer Hospital (Free) in Fulham Road. In it he points out in a vivid way the noble work that this organisation is carrying on. Rightly it has been called a crusade, the fight against the unknown, malignant disease whose terror lurks so impartially. 60,000 people die of cancer every year in Great Britain — ·15 per cent. of the total population. In London alone, it claims 580 each month. These figures lend a bitter edge to the appeal for help made by the President and the Chairman of the Royal Cancer Hospital (Lord Granard and Lord Milne). A large financial responsibility has to be met each year, and as the hospital is free it relies upon public generosity and sense of duty. Especially to those who have had personal experience of the fell disease of cancer, as well as to all else, comes the urgent request for donations towards this splendid foundation.

—and Against Cruelty to Children

AMONG the various philanthropic organisations of our land, the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children occupies a place of honour—it is the champion of the Nation's oppressed children. That there should be any necessity for such an agency is regrettable but while human nature remains what it is, children suffer. To deal with so sad a tendency is the work of the N.S.P.C.C., and to deal with it wisely and effectively is its constant aim. Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer, will welcome gifts to maintain a Society's work in which King George VI. and Queen Mary have given many instances of warm interest.



"Every possible means" demands sufficient funds to provide the most up-to-date methods of treatment and to enable research work to be carried on unceasingly. Then, and only then, can we of The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free) hope to fight a ***winning*** battle against cancer, which takes toll of 60,000 lives every year . . . this scourge which may at any moment strike at you or yours.

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